JOHN BULL, MARCH 15, 1941. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXIX 1813

AIR RAID INSURANCE FREE for EVERY READER

WHAT OF STALIN? By A.G.G.

SLAY THIS DRAGON By THE EDITOR

Bournville Cocoa's the stuff for a growing chap, and mother says

IT'S ONE FOOD THAT'S DOWN IN PRICE!

WHAT'S this? A food that's *down* in price? Yes, madam, Bournville Cocoa costs you less than it did before the war. *It has been reduced to 3d. per quarter-pound.* Housewives now find their old friend Bournville Cocoa to be a big new help in keeping the bills down. And don't forget that it's a natural food and it helps your nerves!

- ★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
- ★ IRON — THE BLOOD ENRICHER
- ★ PHOSPHATES — FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
- ★ AID TO DIGESTION
- ★ VITAMIN B — VITAL TO HEALTH

BOURNVILLE COCOA THE 5-STAR

QUALITY UNALTERED

Save money

BUY THE ½ lb. TIN 9½D

or the big

1 lb. FAMILY TIN 1'6

CHOCOLATE IN WARTIME

Restricted Supplies

Our supplies of fresh milk, of sugar, and of other raw materials are rationed. In addition we have big Government contracts to meet.

Yet public demand for chocolate and cocoa is greater than ever because they are such concentrated and convenient foods.

In order to distribute the available supplies fairly we have had to ration all our customers. If therefore you cannot get your usual choice of Cadbury lines, please do not blame the shopkeeper. He is doing the best he can with short supplies.

We are doing the same. We are also ensuring that our lines remain, as always, of the very highest quality.

ISSUED BY

CADBURYS

OF BOURNVILLE

ASPRO
GETS ON WITH THE JOB!

SMASHING Colds—'Flu & Feverish Conditions

There's no "wait and see," no "hit or miss," about the way 'ASPRO' banishes colds, 'flu and feverish conditions. It gets on with the job right away. Take two 'ASPRO' tablets at the first sign of feverishness and your head will clear, the groggy, uneasy, gone-at-the-knees feeling will disappear in a few minutes. Two more tablets at bedtime taken with a hot drink, and by morning you'll have smashed the cold or 'flu attack by the best and simplest means known to science.

'ASPRO' eliminates the CAUSES of Illness IT DOES NOT SUPPRESS.

'ASPRO' definitely promotes the action of the skin, producing a mild perspiration, which gets rid of colds and 'flu by a process of elimination—NOT BY SUPPRESSION. In addition, 'ASPRO', after ingestion in the system, is an internal antiseptic and germicide. You can prove its antiseptic qualities by using it as a gargle for sore throats—you get relief immediately, the soreness goes and you are left with a clean healthy feeling.

COLD & SORE THROAT BANISHED 'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Dear Sirs, 7 Hornby Terrace, Maryeombe.
Thanks very much to 'ASPROS' I am not in bed with a bad sore throat as I was last Saturday, but I am better and going out to a show. I had a bad cold and bad throat. I could not swallow, and also was off my work for 5 days. I gargled a few times a day with 2 tablets and then I took 'ASPROS' with a hot drink at night and also I was up during the night and took more. I felt different again by morning and was soon myself again. I have some just now in my bag and don't intend being without at any price. I say "Good old 'ASPRO'" and shall recommend them to anyone always. I remain, MISS JARVIS.

'ASPRO' BANISHES 'FLU

28 Lockwood Street
Dear Sirs, Monkgate, York.
Just a few lines to let you know how thankful I am for your 'ASPRO'. I think they are marvellous tablets. I have been very ill with the 'flu for over a fortnight and was advised to try your famous 'ASPRO' with hot lemon juice, before going to bed, which I did and was thankful for the result. I was back at work two days after. I shall NOT BE WITHOUT THEM IN MY HOUSE. I shall always have them in my medicine chest.
Believe me, Yours truly.
(Sgd.) C. K. LEE.

NURSE TALKS TO MOTHERS ABOUT 'ASPRO'

Dear Sirs, Swansea, Glamorgan.
I have been asked to lecture to mothers on "Home Nursing" and for a children shall talk about 'ASPRO'; for of all the things on the market to-day I find there is nothing to equal 'ASPRO' for reducing temperatures and preventing influenza; I have done wonderful things with it and in such short times; and shall always recommend it; it acts like magic as a "gargle."—Yours faithfully.
(Signed) NURSE E. T.

Rheumatic Sufferers— READ THIS!

NO RHEUMATISM NOW!

Dear Sir, Tring, Herts.
For years I have been a sufferer from gout and rheumatism, also sciatica. I was advised by a man who kept a beerhouse to take 'ASPROS'. I started at once and to-day I am free from pain. I am a baker and I am 67 years old, but I do not feel so, and I have never had to give up drinking my beer. Your 'ASPROS' have conquered all, but I am still taking them and shall always do so. They are fine and worth their weight in gold. This is quite true.
I am, Yours faithfully, GEO. WRIGHT.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.
Made in England by
ASPRO LIMITED, SLOUGH, BUCKS.
No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS OR INSOMNIA
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
TOOTHACHE
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

In Times of Stress ASPRO Soothes Nerve Strain & Brings SWEET SLEEP.

PRICES INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX
3½D. · 7D. · 1/5 · 2/10
ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK & DISPLAY ASPRO

MEN OF COOL COURAGE

FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

When a man's 'on his toes'—cool and alert at all hours, he claims cool contentment in moments that are his own. So Bondman's his choice for a fragrant pipe—cool and satisfying. It'll be yours—once you've tried it!

LLOYDS'
Bondman
TOBACCO
IN 1 oz. VACUUM TINS

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/7 per oz.
SUPERB BLEND 1/5½ per oz.

THIS TIN IS VALUABLE
When you buy your Bondman kindly transfer the tobacco to your pouch and hand back the empty tin to your tobacconist. It will be hygienically cleaned and used again to provide you with the enjoyment of vacuum-sealed tobacco.

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C 12"b

ENGINEERING WORKSHOP PRACTICE

Recent developments in workshop practice have been so rapid that it has been found necessary to prepare and publish a new, revised and enlarged edition. This new edition is fully illustrated and deals with the underlying principles, craftsmanship, machines, tools, measuring processes and machining methods of to-day. It will prove indispensable to the engineer, draughtsman, mechanic, apprentice, and student.

SOME OF THE SUBJECTS

Files, Chisels, Scrapers, Shears, Punches, Burnishers, Hand Screw-cutting Tools, Spanners, Vices, Various measuring methods. Verniers, Micrometers, Gauges, Optical Devices, Fluted and Twist Drills. Grinding angles, Drilling Data, Small and Large Drilling Machines, Electric Drills, Practical Lathework in all its branches, Machining of Metals and Synthetic Materials. Tungsten-carbide and Diamond Tools. Lapping, Honing, Cleaning, Polishing and Rust-protection of various metals. Grinding Operations and Machines, Milling Operations, Cutters and Machines. Planing, Shaping, Slotting and Broaching Operations. Special Machines for Production Purposes. Plate and Bar Machines. Gears and Gear Cutting Methods. Templates, Jigs and Fixtures. Overhauling and Adjusting Machines. Millwright Work. Welding, Brazing and Soldering Metals. Forging Work. Sheet Metal Work. Foundry Work. British and Foreign Screw-Thread Tables. Etc., Etc.

ENGINEERING POCKET BOOK
To make the work more comprehensive a pocket-book is supplied free to all purchasers. It contains many useful Tables of Screw Threads, Tapers, Angles, Drill Speeds and Sizes, etc.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

To the Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
56, Clun House, Surrey Street, London, W.C.2
Please send me, free of charge, Detailed Illustrated Booklet, describing "Engineering Workshop Practice."
Name .....
Send this form in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp).
Address .....
.....
G.S .....

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 15, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

GONE WITH THE WIND

● **Not only small wage-earners are being moved to fresh jobs in the national interest.**

Directors are going, too.

That human hurricane, Lord Beaverbrook, has swept from the board of important war factories all directors who were not quite fit enough for the strain of production speed-up.

Factory malcontents who spout against "interference with the workers," please note.

Others who should be interested are the Minister of Supply, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Head of the Civil Service.

There is too much idleness in arms factories, naval yards and Government offices.

There are too many "overseers" and foremen who, because of inexperience or apathy, cannot organise production at war tempo.

So a few more heads should roll!

Straight from the Shoulder

NOW'S THE TIME TO START

TWO men have laid the foundation-stone for the New Britain, Lord Reith and Mr. Greenwood.

On it they intend to raise the finest buildings the world has ever seen.

But they have no power, as yet, to do so.

An End to Slums

Healthy new cities. Pleasant, sunny homes. Prosperous industries. An end to slums, depressed areas, poverty and grime, muddle and ugliness!

That is the vision before the eyes of our two master builders.

That is the hope of a people which, in the midst of war, is determined to make the war worth fighting.

Neutrals may marvel that we have courage to ignore the bombs and concentrate on the future. But we know that the future must be fashioned now.

Bright News for You

A good start has been made. The foundation-stone has been well laid.

Strong-jawed, hard-headed Lord Reith breaks his accustomed silence to tell us that the principle of planning has been adopted as national policy.

Does that sound dull?

On the contrary, it is bright news for every man, woman and child in the land.

It means a clear policy for industrial development, agriculture and transport.

It means planning for prosperity.

Planning Already

There will be opposition. From landlords. From leave-things-as-they-are old fogies. From hands-off-industry obstructionists. From economy-first diehards.

Mr. Greenwood must get in first.

He must see that vested interests do not impede his Minister of Works, Lord Reith.

So let us hope he is already planning the new legislation that will be needed.

Must be Replaced

Those districts of London's dockland and other cities that sustained heavy damage need not be mourned.

They must be replaced by wide avenues and airy buildings. Meantime, they must be declared "prohibited areas."

Otherwise, stupid officials will allow jerry-builders to do their worst.

On "Old Lines"

A Ministry of Health official recently visited an affected district. He took it for granted that the district would be rebuilt on "the old lines."

This "town-planning expert," this blind blunderer, was presumably willing to allow new hindrances to traffic, new ugliness and squalor! To repeat all the old horrors!

So the central planning authority, promised by the Government, must be set up now.

It must be given immediate powers to take planning affairs away from the Ministry of Health.

What We Don't Want

Popular resistance to the thinning-out of cities has been swept away by bombs and evacuation.

But we do not want new suburbs.

The remedy is the creation of satellite towns complete with factories and amenities.

Most folk prefer houses to flats.

Each house must have a labour-saving kitchen, a garden which can be reached immediately from the sunny living-room.

Women only Know

The Prime Minister insists that the kitchen shall be planned by experts.

Those experts should include women. The views of ordinary housewives must be sought.

Clusters of "chalets" and bungalows, disfiguring the countryside, must be banned.

Better, far, to build properly designed flats provided they have plenty of open space around.

Community Centres

Every new residential area must have its community centre—cinemas, shops, clubs, library.

It should be ringed by open spaces that make our present sooty parks, with their railings and asphalt paths, seem relics of an ugly past.

But it must not be so far removed from work places as to create new transport difficulties.

We must laugh at Mr. Frank Pick's chaotic nightmare of a London Transport extension to cater for twelve million people herded into a single city.

Industries Grouped

Moreover, a variety of industries must be grouped together. No town should rely upon a single trade for its livelihood, to become a distressed area if that trade falls upon evil times.

This suggestion, offered by Richie Calder in a little book called "Start Planning Britain Now," is also a matter for immediate attention.

It means that new war factories should not be dumped into unsuitable districts.

It means that all war factories should be convertible to peace time needs.

Rigidly Controlled

If planning is at last to become a reality, all land must be rigidly controlled.

It must be made impossible for land speculators to thrive on the values created by the community.

Why Do They Wait!

Why wait for the end of war to clean up local government?

There is no doubt that the present system has broken down completely under the strain of emergency conditions.

Few councils have proved themselves capable of adapting themselves to new demands.

If the 110 local authorities of Greater London cannot co-operate in time of war, how will they do so when peaceful reconstruction increases the necessity for co-ordinated planning?

Something More

Planned prosperity will not be enough. More than cheerful homes, light workshops and convenient towns are necessary to make our people content.

There must be a proper medical service for all. Health should not be governed by income.

Above all, the basis of good health—an adequate supply of good food—must be guaranteed to all.

As long as a third of our people lack adequate nourishment, so long will the dream of a New Britain be a mockery.

Do They Realise!

Mr. Greenwood and his fellow-thinkers are aware of these prime necessities.

Let us hope it will not be long before they reveal the main structure of their policy.

There is one minor matter that should also receive their consideration.

A Ministry of Disposal to deal with the surplus stocks of war, which last time brought huge profits to middlemen!

War Scale Taxes

The task will be on so gigantic a scale as to compare with our present war effort.

It may mean that, when war is done, we must continue taxation on a war scale.

That will be worth while. No sacrifice can be too great, no change too startling, if we can make the rosiest dreams of men come true.

And we can!

They Must Come After

Great changes in the organisation of industry are to be made, within a few months, for war purposes.

Those changes will prepare for the rationalisation of industry that must come after the war.

If we can revolutionise industry we can replan every other branch of the national life.

But we must start now!

That phrase cannot be stressed too firmly, too insistently.

For it may well be that, preparing for peace we shall hasten peace by increasing Britain's efficiency.

(Continued overleaf)

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT AID FOR FIRE WATCHER'S WIDOW

Mr. C. T. Hoggard—a volunteer fire-watcher—was killed by the first high explosive bomb which fell during a recent raid on a north-east town. Thanks to Mr. Hoggard's foresight in registering with "John Bull's" Great Wartime Insurance (underwritten at Lloyd's) **—FREE to all Registered Readers and covering Bombing, Invasion, Gas Attacks and Bombardment—***his widow has received a prompt cheque for the benefit provided. Readers who have not yet registered can obtain the necessary forms on application by postcard (revised postage, 2d.) to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WIDE publicity for the scheme to shut non-essential factories. No publicity for the host of little shopkeepers who are having to put up their shutters.

More important, there is no official scheme to reabsorb them into industry.

Don't Forget Them!

What is to happen to the elderly man, perhaps a cripple of the last war, whose shop ceases to pay? The dole, presumably.

What happens to the middle-aged woman who can no longer serve in a shop? The employment exchange will tell her that she is "too old" for war work.

It should not be left to chance whether such people, unfit for factories, can find employment in other shops.

A "pooling" plan for shops is as necessary as the new scheme to pool industries. It should be the Board of Trade's next job.

What About This!

The Board should also concern itself with transport.

Exporter ordered goods from Hanley three months ago. They were on their way to a West Country port when it was bombed. So they were taken back to Hanley.

Ordered next to Liverpool, they were on the way when that city, too, was heavily raided.

When next heard of, they were on a barge at Manchester.

Muddle Personified

Meanwhile, the Restriction on Exports Order had been imposed.

It was necessary to obtain permission for the goods to leave the factory, then an export licence.

As the consignment had already left the works, and as export had already been arranged, the Board is uncertain whether it can grant permission!

So a good foreign customer of Britain is still kept waiting.

Can't Have Known

Delay, too, in a great aircraft factory. Men wait in vain to assemble new 'planes.

There is a shortage of nuts and bolts.

If the makers have been blitzed, surely other shops can be switched over quickly to the production of nuts and bolts?

Lord Beaverbrook couldn't have known of the shortage. Now that he does know, it shouldn't continue much longer.

Contrary Ministry

It's a change to criticise the Ministry of Pensions for over-eagerness to pay.

Auditor-General finds that nearly £20,000 was handed last year to people not entitled to pension.

Some were bigamous wives, some were widows who had remarried, some were women posing as the mothers of soldiers.

And some got away with more than £1,000.

On the Watch Now

Five hundred prosecutions a week are now being made by the Ministry of Food.

An increase in profiteering? No. An increase in Ministerial vigilance.

But magisterial acumen is not rising at the same rate.

Too many fines of a mere pound or two are still imposed.

This Is Snobbery

Not actionable, but grossly unfair, is the snobbery perpetuated by many shop managers.

Long queue of registered customers waited hopefully at a cheese, sausage and egg counter. An assistant ran down from the cash desk with telephone orders.

These were met at once; the waiting housewives were then served with what remained.

They Are No Answer

Changes on the board of N.A.A.F.I. are no answer to JOHN BULL's criticisms.

We receive too many complaints about the high prices charged in Army canteens to be satisfied with a mere reshuffle of directors.

We want a change of system.

We want less secrecy.

Still a Mystery

Even high officials at the War Office are not allowed to know much about N.A.A.F.I.'s charges and profits.

Turnover is believed to be about £50,000,000 a year.

Profits must run into millions also.

New management should make a start by issuing a balance-sheet.

Likes Army Cooking!

Still under fire, also, are bad Army cooks. But here's something to make the mouths of their victims water:

"I'm better fed in the Army than I was at home. Our sergeant cook delights in bringing out new dishes; no swill contractor will make a fortune out of his work.

"A contented battalion has just shown appreciation of his services by making him a handsome present."

Which battalion?

Never mind. We don't want to encourage a rush to transfer.

More Wastage

Oddest feature of Army life is the appetite for petrol it stimulates.

A soldier travels 300 yards from his billet to the messroom by motor-cycle.

A civilian clerk, attached to a unit, travelled by Army car to and from his meals at home for nine months, though walking distance was only ten minutes.

One unit uses a lorry to take rations from N.A.A.F.I. stores to the messroom, 250 yards away, instead of using a hand-truck.

Officers travel to the cinema on Army petrol.

Yes, it still goes on.

He's "Missing" Again

A soldier posted missing last June was declared a prisoner-of-war in August. His parents stinted themselves to send parcels to the address given them.

Last month, the records officer told them a mistake had been made. Their son was still "missing," it was another man of the same name who was a prisoner-of-war.

The news has broken their spirit. . . .

In future, records officers should make absolutely sure of their facts—even if this entails a wait for a man's regimental number to be verified.

Tell Mr. Bevin

Some workers who act as fire watchers to their firm receive 5s. a week expenses. Last week they were "stood off" for a few days, but continued their fire-watching duties.

Employment exchange, informed of their 5s. a week expenses, promptly reduced their "dole" by 5s. 4d. or 6s. 4d. for each night of fire-watching—even for Saturday and Sunday nights!

That prime hater of injustice, Mr. Bevin, must rectify this fantastic and lack-witted blunder.

But Do They Know!

Water watchers suffer from another anomaly.

Many regular coastguards are paid 55s. a week. Auxiliary coastguards receive 65s., with an extra half-crown for the senior auxiliary at each post.

Baby Must Go Without

Their home bombed, a poor widow and her baby left London for temporary quarters in Glasgow, where they received free milk.

They found a permanent home in Dumbartonshire, whose county milk officer won't issue a permit until the old one is surrendered. So the baby must go without.

And the Minister of Health wonders why his free milk scheme isn't popular in Scotland!

Forgotten Men

In any sensible system of society a bit of the huge rail profits would be given to those forgotten men, the permanent-way workers.

They are on call 24 hours of every day, to repair and replace the track under all conditions.

Compliments for their blitz-time bravery do not compensate for their low payment of 55s. a week.

Goes One Better

Remember JOHN BULL's note about the Bognor woman who had to be five days without her gas mask because it needed a minor repair?

Baswell, Leics, can go one better.

A baby there outgrew her gas helmet. Local A.R.P. said she must wait until another child outgrew her small-size mask, which would then become available for the baby.

That was last November.

Nothing has happened since.

Running Errands

Last June a man volunteered for air crew service in the R.A.F. This January he was examined, told "no vacancy."

Now he's running errands for sergeant instructors and sweeping offices.

JOHN BULL's postbag contains many such complaints.

Of course, not every man who answers these persistent advertisements can be accepted for air crew jobs.

But to turn men into errand-boys is not the best method of inspiring their enthusiasm for the more humdrum side of R.A.F. service.

Behind the News

● **President of a great U.S.A. aircraft company estimates first-line Nazi air strength at only 2,000 really modern bombers, 2,000 fighters and 750 dive-bombers, of which the latter are "sitters" for the R.A.F.**

● *Other American experts have reliable behind-scenes information that efficient Nazi reserves are about 3,000; that maximum German production from all sources cannot exceed 2,000 a month thanks to British blockade and R.A.F. raids, and that by July, 1941—not 1942—Anglo-American production will outstrip Nazi efforts, every week afterwards increasing our lead.*

● Italians in U.S.A. are defeating Fascist lies and propaganda by writing home to expose the full extent of Mussolini's defeats and their likely consequences to the motherland.

● **Daily growing more desperate for foreign currency, Nazis in neutral American countries are working a new "friends at home" parcel racket. They are inviting 5-dollar subscriptions from people of German parentage or sympathy to buy a parcel of food or clothing. But investigation has proved it a ramp.**

● *Reich agents are also trying to get hold of British property in France, but they have been badly disappointed.*

● Nazi night-fliers have lost enthusiasm. Reasons: High crash rate on returning with frayed nerves after experience of the "witches' cauldron" A.A barrage over Britain; danger of R.A.F. attack at home aerodromes; lack of adequate rest due to shortage of night pilots as casualties increase.

● **Goering is now offering still more extra money and leave to keep up the supply of his night birds.**

● *Anti-Fascist riots are becoming more frequent in all Italian provinces, especially in the south. Women are now taking a prominent part in these troubles.*

● Nazi propaganda chiefs fear serious reactions when the loss of Mussolini's empire becomes realised in Germany.

● **Failure of Italy to supply Germany with fruit and olive oil has led Nazi trade bosses to try out new barter arrangements for Spanish produce. Negotiations have broken down. General Franco's excuse is that Spain has no surplus.**

SLAY THIS DRAGON!

NOT a moment too soon, efforts are being made to salvage the National Salvage Campaign.

This campaign was "going strong" just before Mr. Herbert Morrison left the Ministry of Supply. Since then it has been sinking slowly—like the spirits of countless loyal housewives who have been trying to keep it afloat.

Millions of pounds sterling and, worse than that, hundreds of thousands of tins of foodstuffs and war material, are still being thrown away in this country.

JOHN BULL is publishing this article as a warning to wasters and an appeal to every good citizen.

We beg the public to help the Government; we exhort the Government and, more particularly, the local authorities, to give the public a fair chance.

IT IS NOT GETTING A FAIR CHANCE TO-DAY, AND HOUSEHOLD SALVAGE IS NO MORE THAN A FARCE IN THE MAJORITY OF DISTRICTS.

Our letter-bag is full of complaints from good housewives, who have been scrupulously saving and sorting all their valuable waste, only to see rags, bones, paper, swill and kitchen scraps tipped into the dustcart and consigned to the refuse dump.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

The whole salvage campaign is suffering from lack of "drive" and vigorous, businesslike direction from "the top"—that is to say, the Ministry of Supply.

It is also being thwarted by the almost criminal neglect and complacency of most local authorities. They are the worst of all the "wasters."

Under the Ministry's latest orders, local councils in all but the more thinly populated districts are compelled to collect and sort the waste products in their area.

SO THEY SHOULD BE, BUT HITHERTO MOST OF THEM HAVE BEEN CARRYING OUT THIS DUTY IN HALF-HEARTED FASHION. SOME HAVE MADE NO HONEST ATTEMPT TO DO SO AT ALL.

Yet think for a moment what efficient salvage would mean.

If every man, woman and child in these islands were to save one ounce of paper a week, there would be no serious paper shortage.

If every household were to save two ounces of bones a week, the nation's requirements of glue for aircraft, glycerine for shells, and fertilisers for gardens would be satisfied.

And if all the potato peelings and food scraps from every kitchen were converted, as they can be, into pig and poultry food, they would suffice to keep us in "eggs and bacon."

Cardboard packets, rags, old batteries and scrap metal can all be utilised to save the country hundreds of imported cargoes every year.

But the great bulk of this precious "waste" is being wasted.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, realising its immense importance, made the country "salvage conscious" by a vigorous publicity campaign and a direct Sunday broadcast to the public.

UNFORTUNATELY, SINCE HE LEFT THE MINISTRY OF SUPPLY FOR THE HOME OFFICE, THERE HAS BEEN A FORTY PER CENT. DECLINE IN THIS VITAL NATIONAL EFFORT.

We want our readers to realise the truly shocking wastage that is going on.

There are 30,000 tons of paper thrown away every month. Not more than two-fifths of the total "used paper" is being pulped into service again.

If you want some official figures, we have them. Take waste paper. In December, 1939, the local authorities saved 4,400 tons, worth £11,000. By July of last year the total had risen to 36,500 tons, valued at nearly £148,000, but last December *it had fallen back* to 20,000 tons priced at £80,600.

Salvaged scrap metal amounted to 40,800 tons last July, but fell off to 16,000 tons last December. Bone salvage declined as between the same months from 1,285 tons to 957.

PERHAPS MERE FIGURES DO NOT IMPRESS YOU? VERY WELL, THEN; LET US TELL YOU THAT, IN SPITE OF ALL THE "WASTE" THAT HAS BEEN WASTED, THE WOMEN OF THIS COUNTRY HELPED TO SAVE ENOUGH SCRAP METAL LAST YEAR TO BUILD 16,000 TANKS!

They helped to save enough paper to fill forty cargo ships of average size or to load 100,000 lorries.

Including other salvaged material, the nation's saved "waste" worked out at some 800,000 tons, and this was actually sold by local councils for £2,200,000. There was enough to fill a hundred ships

There could have been enough to fill several hundreds, and the tragedy and scandal of this situation is that we are saving, not more, but less, than we were last summer.

Mr. Harold Judd, Controller of Salvage at the Ministry of Supply, who is now doing his utmost to "ginger up" the salvage campaign, says that waste is a form of sabotage.

We agree. He says that his Ministry has the necessary powers, and has even compiled a Draft Order, to make it an offence for householders not to sort out their waste paper, metals, bones, and so on, in readiness for the dustmen to collect.

But he is reluctant to use compulsion.

IN this we sympathise with him—up to a point. We think there is no need, at present, to compel the public to do its duty, but there is urgent need to compel the local authorities to do theirs.

HOUSEHOLD SALVAGE HAS PROVED UNSATISFACTORY, BUT THE BRITISH HOUSEWIFE IS FAR LESS TO BLAME THAN MANY OTHER CITIZENS.

THERE IS SHOCKING WASTE IN GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS, IN SHOPS AND IN BUSINESS OFFICES. YOU MAY LOOK IN ALMOST ANY DIRECTION ONLY TO DISCOVER A LAZY DISREGARD OF THE IMPERATIVE NECESSITY TO MAKE THE UTMOST USE OF "SCRAP."

Thousands and thousands of handbills are dropped, often two or three at a time, into letter-boxes. Political and other organisations publish quantities of literature that scarcely anybody reads.

At one conference the other day 350 people were each presented with 50 sheets of heavy paper weighing half a pound, and, if this foolscap fits, let it be worn by any prosy "waster."

Eight foolscap pages of the best paper were issued by the High Court of Justice from Bankruptcy Buildings recently to announce that there was no business to report. The address was ominous.

But why particularise? You all know how careless and indifferent your neighbours are; we only want you to ask yourselves whether you are personally doing your level best to help the Salvage Campaign.

"JOHN BULL" APPEALS MORE DIRECTLY TO THE MINISTER OF SUPPLY HIMSELF. WE URGE HIM TO ROUSE THE ENTIRE COUNTRY TO FRESH EFFORTS AND TO INSIST UPON FULL CO-OPERATION BY EVERY LOCAL AUTHORITY.

We advise him strongly to look at once into the question of sludge for fertilisers. Kingston sewage works, for instance, has an output of 1,000 tons a year and Surbiton 1,500 tons.

THEY convert their sewage into a clean, sweet-smelling sludge four times as effective as farmyard manure, and they cannot satisfy the demand for it.

Meanwhile, other boroughs continue to pour sewage into river and sea, causing pollution and wasting hundreds of thousands of tons of potential fertiliser.

Some local councils complain that, having collected their sorted scrap, they make a loss on it either because they cannot find a market for it or because of transport difficulties.

Others have no plant with which to convert swill and kitchen refuse into feeding stuffs for animals.

We say that these difficulties can and must be overcome.

We maintain that salvage is more valuable than money, and that the waste of potential food and war material cannot be excused by considerations of nominal loss.

We are in for the fight of our lives. We must not put up with wasters any longer. Let them take warning.

THE HUMAM MACHINE

Mature Minds

CERTAIN truths are so old that it is amazing the world should still have to be reminded of them. It is more amazing that the world should take so little notice for wise men have never wearied of reiterating them since time began.

It would be interesting to know the first person who insisted on the importance of mind.

Certainly you can go back to Roman times and find it being stressed. Cicero, that great orator, said roundly: "*The diseases of the mind are more, and are more destructive than the diseases of the body.*"

And to-day we know how true it is.

If we don't, it's not for want of telling, or for lack of demonstration.

It's because we either don't or won't listen.

Half the time we go mooning around without using our brains because we don't realise how ridiculous this lack of use makes us.

Take, as an instance, the matter of giving a sound judgment on something on which our opinion is sought.

How can we give an impartial judgment unless we have learned to reason from facts without allowing prejudice and bias to warp our mental machinery?

We shouldn't expect a wise or satisfactory judgment from a child. We know a child's information is limited.

We know it isn't matured mentally, and that it can't look at things impartially.

Why on earth, then, should we be content to be a child in our powers of reasoning and judgment?

Maybe the resemblance has never occurred to you before.

Now it has been pointed out—suppose you start "growing up" right away?

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. FRED MONTAGUE, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Transport

DEAR SIR,—Thousands of hours are lost every day on vital war work because of bad transport.

Late trains, 'buses that mysteriously disappear—these vie with Goering's 'planes in hindering production.

You know, of course, about the recent lock-out on Tyneside. But do you know how widespread are the disgraces it typifies?

A train carrying hundreds of shipwrights was two minutes late. In consequence, the men were locked-out for the day. Next morning, as a protest, hundreds of electricians deliberately came late. They, too, were locked out. Six hundred men were eventually affected.

Now the dispute is over. It has been agreed that a man who arrives a few minutes after time will lose a quarter of an hour's pay instead of being "docked" for a whole day.

But this is no solution. It begs the question of bad transport. It makes the workers pay for the fault of others.

And it just won't do.

I am tired of receiving complaints from men, even in Government factories, who still lose a day's work through the same cause.

If they are key-men, then others are made idle, too.

I am weary of the discomfort suffered by passengers, some of whom are virtually deprived of hard-earned leisure by inefficient transport officials.

Here is a typical case:

Men in one war factory in Yorkshire often wait an hour or more for a 'bus in the morning. To make up the loss of time they have to work later at night. Then they have to wait from 6.30 till past 8 o'clock for a 'bus to take them home, though there is supposed to be a half-hourly service.

Now, I do not underrate the difficulties of railway and 'bus companies. Neither am I convinced that many of the delays can possibly be justified.

Your Ministry must sweep out of office the "don't care" slackers who are keeping war workers from their jobs and their homes. And at once!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ROBERT SMITH, Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.

DEAR MR. SMITH,—One of the "great unknowns" of this war, you deserve the gratitude of Britain.

A great idea was born when you, a young advertising man, took out your wallet to give a note to the British Relief Fund.

Noticing that your wallet was tattered, you decided to buy a new one of British make and thus help our war resources.

So you started the "Help for Britain—Buy Something British" campaign that has swept through twenty-eight States in a few months.

It helps a lot!—JOHN BULL.

Sir GERALD GANNY, Chairman, Inland Revenue Board

DEAR SIR GERALD.—Many bombed-out victims are being meanly treated by your district valuers.

One of thousands is a reader whose home was completely destroyed. He lodged a claim for £360.

The valuer at once reduced it by a third. He explained that "Government instructions" were to treat the tramaction as one between a willing seller and a willing buyer.

Rubbish! The victims are not "willing" to have their homes wrecked.

Moreover, the Prime Minister has indicated that they should be treated generously.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Fortunately you're not the man to be stampeded by the clamour of an unthinking minority. So I'm sure you'll think twice before calling up more students for the Army.

We are already short of doctors. There will be a tremendous demand, when Britain is rebuilding, for young architects.

Such men should be allowed to complete their studies.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN STANLEY, Ann Street, Arbroath

DEAR JOHN,—I'm glad you were not punished for your heroism, however rash it may have been.

Not merely your age of eighteen explains your coolness in wading into the sea, lifting a mine on your shoulders, and walking off with it to prevent it reaching rocks where children were playing.

The magistrates let you off with a caution. I should have caused some trouble if they hadn't.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-General Sir WALTER VENNING, Quarter-Master-General

DEAR SIR,—"Wangling" has already started to save soldier-clerks from having their rations reduced to the civilian scale.

It can be stopped if the War Office, instead of local commanders, decides which men are engaged on sedentary work.

As for the plan of keeping pigs in camps to utilise food scraps, maybe some ex-farm hands will be taken off ordinary Army work for this purpose—rather than share the job among all the troops.

No doubt you will watch for such little tricks.—JOHN BULL.

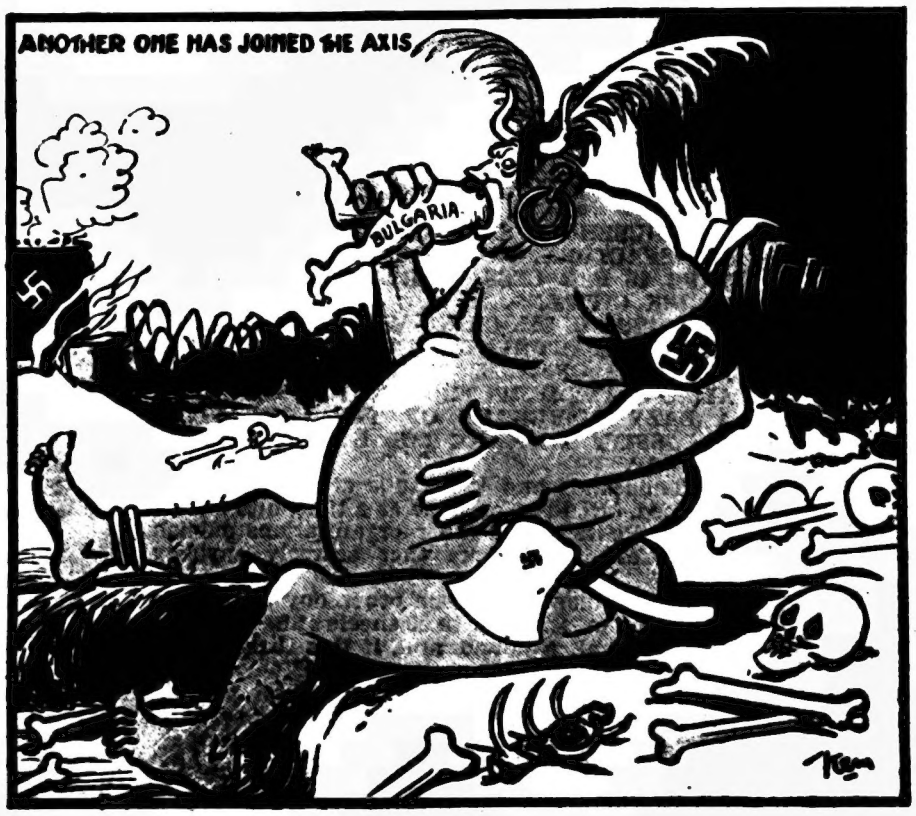
The CHAIRMAN, Essex P.A.C.

DEAR SIR,—You should never have been asked to approve the placing of a fifteen-year-old Institution girl in a drapery store's office at a wage of 7s. 6d. a week.

Should official approval be given, it would be even more scandalous than the pittance offered her.—JOHN BULL.

The BOROUGH COUNCIL, Ramsgate

GENTLEMEN,—Your A.F.S. men are getting a raw deal and it's time you did some reshuffling.



They have been on a twelve-hour "duty" and a twelve-hour "stand-by" system since war began, turning out at all sirens and when bombs or shells fall without the Alert sounding.

Seeing that there have been some 750 Alerts, I do not know how they have withstood the strain.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-General H. C. B. WEMYSS, Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—Called up as a reservist, a man had been working seventeen years with a firm of marine engineers, often engaged on Admiralty work.

He was a machine tool setter, could operate twenty-two kinds of machines. Now, in the Army, he is in a shop where there is only one lathe and where all the work could be done by a youth.

I wonder how many other experts are still made to waste their talents!—JOHN BULL.

The MAYOR, Scarborough

YOUR WORSHIP,—**The house of an invalid widow was bombed last October. Rain pours through the roof to the ground floor; she can obtain neither repair nor compensation.**

Can you not arouse your officials from their long winter sleep?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—Three months after the Sheffield blitz, furniture is still left on the pavement outside demolished houses.

In Manchester, I am told, nothing has been done to evacuate boys from a remand home in one of the most heavily bombed areas.

In a Wiltshire town, crowded with evacuees, no "All Clear" is sounded after a raid because police and wardens can't agree who should blow the whistles, for there is no siren.

You must continue to kick local authorities to get things done!—JOHN BULL.

Sir QUINTIN HILL, Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR,—Your organisation might be better if its regulations were less rigid.

Coventry is still receiving the same food supplies as it did before the blitz, though thousands have left the city.

Yet a town near by, which has increased its population by thousands, cannot get an extra ounce.

It must wait until another 250 go to live there, and so bring up the influx to 10 per cent. of the normal population.—JOHN BULL.

HERR HITLER, Berlin

ADOLF,—Your radio is still indignant, apparently, because we "have sunk so low" as to carry off 215 Germans and ten Quislings in our raid on a Norwegian island.

One day, I hope, our destroyers will arrive to fetch you.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. A. V. ALEXANDER, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR,—It is satisfactory that we have sunk a third of Germany's shipping and one in five Italian cargo ships.

I am glad that the priority system is to be used to help us make good our own losses as it helped us, last year, to build up the R.A.F.

But I hope you will also consider the suggestion of Mr. Simon Lake, U.S.A. submarine pioneer.

He advocates a fleet of 100 cargo-carrying submarines, costing £50,000,000, to carry 9,000,000 tons of food a year.

Perhaps the plan is not feasible. But they said that in 1896 when he built his first underwater craft.—JOHN BULL.

CLEVEREST WOMAN SPY

A game of dice changed her love to hate . . .

★

When Hitler's legions entered the Bulgarian capital they were probably glad to meet again their old friend Baroness Lydia Stahl, one of the cleverest spies ever employed by the Intelligence Service of the German Army. This is how it began.

BARONESS LYDIA STAHL, now aged forty, started her adventurous career in 1919 when the German Free Corps waged war in the Baltic States.

It was a time in which everything was topsy-turvy.

Complete pell-mell prevailed in the Baltic States.

Revolutions started here and there, the Bolshevist armies invaded these countries, and on the other side were German adventurers, Free Corps consisting of hard-boiled fellows, and soldiers of fortune.

Democratic Governments were powerless, and therefore at the mercy of foreign armies.

Baron Stahl was one of the numerous German-Baltic aristocrats whose estates the Russians had destroyed.

A horde of so-called revolutionaries stormed his manor and shot him before his twenty-year-old daughter.

The young Baroness had to flee.

No wonder she was glad to find refuge in the billets of a German Free Corps.

Her Great Love

There was a nice fellow among them, Manfred von Killinger, a young naval officer.

Unfortunately, he did not seem interested in her.

Then one day he suddenly began to court her, and she—well, she didn't object.

Later on, she learned why Herr von Killinger had been so shy towards her in the beginning.

All the officers were fond of her, and, knowing this, they had agreed to decide by lot to whom she should belong.

These were indeed unusual times. . . .

During a night of orgy she was the stake for which they diced!

And Herr von Killinger won the prize!

She was upset.

Disgusted, she ran away.

Her great love changed into bitter hatred, and her hate made her go over to the Red Camp.

The Russians were suspicious.

But soon they found out that the Baroness was genuinely filled with hatred for the Germans.

Perhaps she could be of some use to them. Perhaps it was possible to utilise her well-known name, her connections, her knowledge of languages, her beauty.

They asked her to work for their Intelligence Service.

The Baroness agreed, and the Russians never regretted her services.

The years passed, and Baroness Lydia Stahl began to fancy the spy business.

She founded a spy organisation of her own.

She worked for everyone who required her services.

She bought inside information in one place and sold it in the next.

She was generally acknowledged the star of all international spies, notorious in Intelligence Departments all over Europe.

One day she met Herr von Killinger in Berlin. He was somewhat startled when he suddenly heard her voice.

"Hallo, old boy, it's a long time since we saw each other, isn't it?"

"Yes," he stammered, and, afraid of an unpleasant scene in the street, he invited her to have a cup of coffee.

The Baroness was amused.

"You needn't worry yourself," she told him, "I've got over the ugly incident with the dice game long ago. By the way—it sealed my fate. . . ."

She hinted with a few vague words at her present activities.

Killinger listened with the greatest attention.

"Would you like to enlarge your clientele?" he remarked thoughtfully.

"Why not?"

So she was introduced by Herr von Killinger to the German Intelligence Department.

First Bad Luck

She became the victim of her first professional accident in 1934.

It happened in Paris.

The Baroness had succeeded in enticing two high officers of the French War Office to disclose the plans for the defence of Paris.

When the plot was discovered, the plans were already in the possession of the German General Staff.

Many people were involved, and the French Government did its utmost to suppress the scandal.

The two officers and the Baroness were each condemned to five years' imprisonment.

But she was released in 1938 because of her good conduct.

The Germans sent her to Bucharest, where she again met Manfred von Killinger, now the secret leader of German "peaceful" infiltration, and soon to be appointed German Ambassador.

He patted himself on the back for having personally secured her for the Nazi Intelligence Service.

For she again proved to be one of the cleverest representatives of her profession.

Within a short time she was able to hand over to the chief of the German Intelligence Department, Colonel Nicolai, the plans for the defence of the Rumanian oil districts.

Occupation of the oil districts was, therefore, an easy task for the Nazis when eventually they entered Rumania.

But it became known in Rumanian Army circles who had committed the treachery.

Two young officers, the Lieutenants Luke Mizaru and Roy Karlu, decided to avenge this deed.

One evening, a cab stopped at the entrance of her house.

Lured Into Taxi

Out stepped a young man, who asked for the Baroness.

"Herr von Killinger urgently wants to talk to you," he declared.

Without any foreboding she followed him into the taxi, where his comrade was already waiting for them.

The car made off—and only now she saw that she had stepped right into the simplest of traps.

One of the officers produced a pistol.

"Don't utter a sound," he threatened.

"It looks as though you mean it," she retorted ironically.

"Be quiet," shouted the officer.

They passed a policeman.

Swift as lightning, she kicked open the door.

"Help," she cried.

There were shots, and the taxi stopped.

"All right, then," said the officers, "the game is off."

They were sent to jail for kidnapping.

The same evening the Baroness really had a talk with Herr von Killinger.

"I'm not so sure," he said, "that the fellows haven't got friends who would be willing to finish the job. You'd better go to Sofia and wait there for further orders."

She did.

* * *

Well, they are united again now—the German Army and the woman master spy of World War No. 2.

Ready for the next stroke.

But one never knows who is going to deal out the strokes, and who has to take them!

I SAW FOR MYSELF : By MAURICE FAGENCE

They Earn Their £600

THIRTY white-faced members of Parliament peered at each other through red-rimmed eyes over the floor of the House of Commons.

Yawns flashed up and were extinguished again like matches on a football ground.

No, this was not Slumberland. It was a scene in war-time Parliament.

I stood in the lobby.

"Does your skin itch when you are tired?" was a snatch of none-too-brilliant conversation that I heard.

I went to the lobby bar. A glass crashed.

"Charge it to me," said the careless Member wearily. "I don't know quite what I am doing."

"We lose many glasses nowadays through breakage," said the waitress. "Members are in and out again as if they hadn't a minute to spare. Nobody stays. They haven't even noticed that we've got this for the first time for days——"

And, lifting up a glass cover proudly, she displayed a pound of cheese.

One Member caused surprise by calling for a second whisky.

"Night on a roof," he exclaimed. "No sleep."

No sleep! I looked at the red-rimmed eyes again, the shattered glass. I was beginning to understand.

* * *

In the lobby I saw George Ridley, Clay Cross leonine Member, in search of a mislaid constituent.

I heard an invitation to dinner fired at him. I fancied his mouth watered.

A book crammed with appointments was his answer. It said "No." It will be a long time before he will be able to put another entry in it without long notice.

Another M.P. went by with an armful of hundreds of letters. "All arrived since I was here last on Thursday," he said—and this was Tuesday.

He will be writing to constituents when he should be asleep—at 2½d. a nob. Half his salary, I was told, was spent on stamps.

I button-holed Limehouse M.P. Dan Frankel. Dan has no real home now. The Germans "got it."

"A Member's chief duty to his constituency is to be in the House," he told me.

"But, to-day, a big proportion of Members are in the Fighting Services.

"Most of all these that are left are fulfilling local Government duties as well. And they have to share between them the behind-the-scenes duties of Parliament.

"Then outside duties press on M.P.s as on every other man.

"Then there is work in Committee.

One Member can and often is on several. A lazy Member can deceive his constituents into thinking he is hard-working by his utterances in the House.

"The laziest Member I ever knew got quite a reputation by asking a lot of questions—which is about all he ever did.

"He had a staff to compile his questions. He was merely the automaton who delivered them.

"You can't do that in war-time.

* * *

"Then there is duty to the individual constituents. The people of the district in which I live are spread over the face of Britain—but they are still my constituents.

"They write me scores of letters a day.

"It used to be fairly easy to deal with their problems, worries and grievances.

"One would pick up the telephone and speak to the Government or local government department, hospital, or other institution or person that had given offence.

"To-day, your letters bring in stories of injustices, sometimes fancied but often real, in counties hundreds of miles away.

"As I say, these people are still your constituents. You still represent them. But evacuation has made the job so much more difficult.

"As to my constituents who remain in London, the war has doubled or trebled their problems, as it has with everybody. I have to know the answers—or know how to get them."

Dan used to meet his constituents every week-end—often queues of them.

That accentuates the difficulty of meeting his bombed-out family, away in the country.

Yes, the yawns have moved from the public gallery to the floor of the House of Commons.

But I'm not criticising.

M.P.s, like other people, gaze up into the night sky. They fight incendiaries. Their all-night sittings are at a warden's post!

Don't judge them by the questions they ask.

There are a thousand more important things for an M.P. to do in these days.

★ *Continuing his revelations of Broadcasting in the Blitz, a radio ex-official describes one of the exciting nights when bombs fell on Broadcasting House, but did not stop imperturbable Bruce Belfrage from reading the Nine o'clock News Bulletin—even though he had to sit under a delayed action bomb that eventually killed several persons*

Belfrage in the Blitz

IF the B.B.C., with its seventeen broadcasting stations, 3,500 staff and weekly programme "bill" of £40,000 was becoming a little too settled in its ideas, Goering's *Luftwaffe* certainly caused some changes.

London headquarters have twice been hit in the raids.

Mr. B. E. Nicolls, B.B.C.'s chief Director of Programmes, was among the four seriously hurt during the second bombing.

Sir Stephen Tallents, chief of the B.B.C.'s overseas broadcasts, had a lucky escape.

There were nearly three hundred people either on duty or sleeping at the B.B.C. ready for early morning duty, and it is a miracle that so few were injured.

When Bomb Burst

Millions of listeners heard the explosion of the first bomb to damage Broadcasting House—and did not know it!

I was in the building at the time. The whole place rocked with the shock.

A real hero of the moment was bespectacled, dome-headed Bruce Belfrage.

The bomb fell at 8.5 p.m. and lodged in the Music Library on the fourth floor.

Yet at ten minutes to nine Belfrage went down to the sub-basement to the emergency studio from which the news was being broadcast.

He knew the bomb was overhead—unexploded.

But he went ahead, gradually getting to the last sheet of his manuscript with its censored blue-pencillings.

He finished the news and was about to say, "To-night's postscript is by . . ."

There was the smothered sound of an explosion, and Belfrage paused while the greater part of the ceiling settled around him.

An urgent voice came over the microphone saying, "It's all right," and Belfrage carried on.

The delayed-action bomb had exploded not many yards away, and several of the staff, including some women, were killed.

The news in German, which was being broadcast simultaneously, also continued without interruption.

That bomb was among London's first "D.A.s." Everybody thought it was a dud, yet it made an ugly gash on the Portland Place side of the building.

He Needed "One"

Announcers must not drink anything stronger than tea or cocoa when on duty, but you can't blame Belfrage for wanting to "have one" after he'd finished the news.

He came back, to do his usual evening work, and stayed to read the midnight news.

Next bomb to land on Broadcasting House also fell at the peak broadcasting time.

A spotter on the roof, talking on the telephone to the control room, suddenly cried, "Hey, look out! There's a big one coming!"

Two seconds later the bomb crashed on the unfortunate Portland Place side of the studios.

I don't know whether you overheard it, but from the control room, on the microphone lines, came an ironic "Butter-fingers."

The H.E., which crushed in the top floors of Broadcasting House, was followed by a shower of fire-bombs.

Mr. Nicolls, working in his room when the bomb fell, was partly buried by the floors of two offices above.

Although in great pain, he insisted on the rescue men doing what they could for others first.

No members of the B.B.C staff were killed that night.

But a twenty-three-year-old war reserve policeman, John Vaughan, on duty outside the building, was fatally injured. This "Bobby's" engagement to the daughter of Brigadier-General Sir Norman Ewing had just been announced.

During both raids on Broadcasting House separate programmes were being transmitted to the home country, to Europe and to overseas.

All programmes went on without a break.

Home Service and the Forces programmes have been maintained ever since, despite the temporary loss of several studios at Broadcasting House.

The man responsible for the plan that has enabled the B.B.C. to go on unchecked by Nazi fury was introduced to the staff more than two years ago.

Some said Reith brought him in to plan for war emergencies.

Others said he was sent to the B.B.C. by the War Office, despite Reith's heated protests. No matter which is true, he stayed to do a grand job.

An Oxford man, and a descendant of Sir Edward Stafford, who was three times Prime Minister of New Zealand, Lieut.-Colonel Ronald Sempill Howard Stafford, D.S.O., M.C., late of the King's Royal Rifles, came to the B.B.C. with so much secrecy that outsiders were told he was a super accountant sent to check licence figures!

A Power Now

On looking at his qualifications—Egyptian Civil Service, mentioned in despatches four times, M.C., D.S.O. and bar, Officer Order of the Nile, and so on—there is nothing that seemed to justify either his job at the B.B.C. as an accountant, or as a War Office "stooge."

Yet Stafford is a great organiser, and was Iraq's Minister of the Interior for three years.

Now a great power in the B.B.C., he has made a success of a job that many B.B.C. people pessimistically said the War Office would bungle.

An official enquiry was held after the first bomb landed on the B.B.C.

Sir Stephen Tallents, Deputy Director-General, was chairman, and Colonel Stafford was a witness, because he is not only in charge of B.B.C. defence arrangements, but also he was on the spot within fifteen seconds.

Never Again

As the bomb had not exploded immediately, the question arose whether safety might not have been ensured if the adjacent offices had been evacuated.

Could seven lives have been saved?

The board of enquiry decided that the tragedy could not have been avoided.

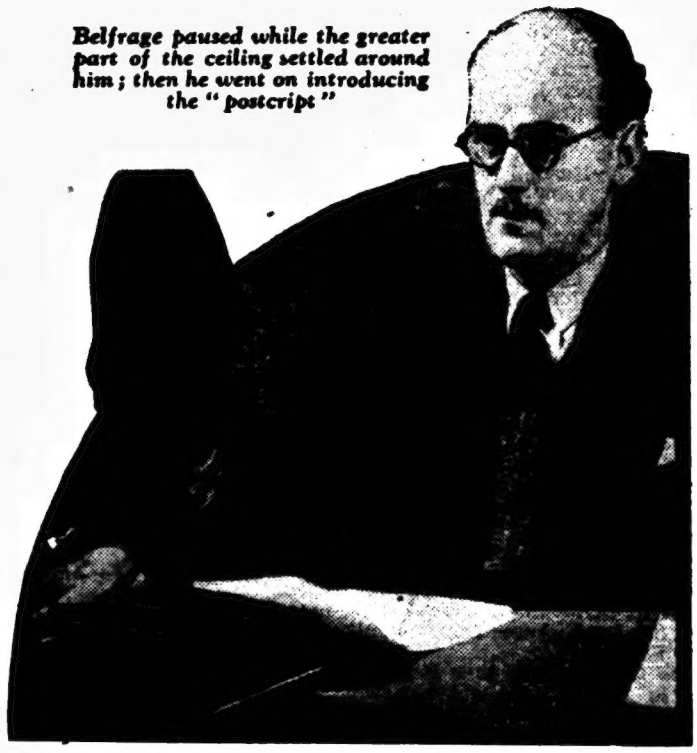
But there is no chance of it happening again.

Fire-bombs caused the great concert hall with its £8,000 organ and several studios to be flooded, and the structure of the B.B.C.'s "church" studio was wrecked.

Morning Service and Epilogues are now given from an outside studio.

Manuscripts, papers and staff instructional leaflets were littered about in one department, and when the A.F.S. salvage men waded through they came on the charred front of a pile of manuscripts headed, "Early Stages in German."

The only page of manuscript rescued from the Symphony Orchestra department was headed "Our Changing World."



Belfrage paused while the greater part of the ceiling settled around him; then he went on introducing the "postcript"

ALREADY 100,000 IN A.T.C.

● In six weeks the Air Training Corps has formed 1,000 local squadrons and school units. So rapid has been the recruiting that the first 100,000 youngsters are already in training. A squadron leader describes here the activities of the first few weeks.

YOUTHS between fifteen and eighteen are still streaming into the recruiting offices of newly formed Air Training Corps all over the country.

Local committees are combing towns for drill-halls; interviewing the thousands who have volunteered to act as officers or instructors.

It is amazing where they all come from.

Offers are pouring in from ex-officers and instructors of the three Fighting Services, and from men in reserved occupations, with expert knowledge.

* * *

Organisers have been astounded at the technical understanding in recruits.

Many of the boys are well versed in such technical subjects as the theory of flight, the working of aero engines, the science of air navigation, in which they will receive expert instruction.

The other night I gave my first lecture to the recruits of the squadron that I command, on the subject of theory of flight.

I was astounded at the quickness with which these lads grasped the technicalities involved, because the theory of flight requires a clear brain and a high order of technical understanding.

Yet these boys, many of whom left school at fourteen, are able to absorb knowledge that was not even known to the flying men of twenty years ago.

Organising meetings have discussed whether public school boys did not have an "unfair advantage" over those from elementary schools.

But most town squadrons of the A.T.C. contain a democratic mixture of public school, secondary school, and elementary school boys.

Officers and instructors find there is little difference in the ability of the boys to understand the technical subjects.

In aiming at having 200,000 pre-trained recruits for the R.A.F., we are not encouraging only pilots.

Some of the boys will specialise with this in view, but many of them are keener to become engine-fitters, aeroplane riggers, armourers and electricians.

And the need for them is as pressing as it is for air crews.

Squadrons are of three types—University, School, and Local Squadrons.

* * *

There are also free University Courses lasting six months for boys under eighteen years eight months who are recommended for training as R.A.F. officers.

Board and lodging, as well as tuition fees, will be paid by the Air Ministry.

Administration of each Squadron is vested in a committee of local citizens, who select the candidates for commissions, obtain accommodation, and administer the Air Ministry grant.

But the training of the Squadron is supervised by the Air Ministry.

This pre-training will save anything up to six months.

DRAKE'S BROOD IS READY!

★ Nazi bombers and U-boats have already opened their spring offensive on British Merchant Ships. But the victims of this new "blitz" are undaunted, as you will see by this dramatic beginning to another enthralling series of articles in praise of Britain's seafaring men

By COMMODORE PURSSEY PHILLIPS

who has sailed two million miles in fifty years

IT is of Drake's brood, facing the Blitz to-day, that I shall tell you. A big ship was standing across the grey, heaving sea.

There was thickish mist about, grey cloud overhead, and the smoke from her funnels hung listlessly over her creaming wake.

She was speeding through "Bomb Alley,' and above the steady murmur of his own engines the skipper heard a higher, menacing note.

He glanced at the sky, his hand moving the engine-room telegraph. The engines quickened their beat, and the ship left her course.

With a roar that obliterated the howl of the vessel's "Raiders Approaching" signal, a bomber burst out of the low cloud.

"Hopping" the Waves

It was diving almost vertically.

The ship's gun barked defiance, but the white puffs appeared behind the aircraft's tail.

Then it was gone, "hedge-hopping" over the wavecrests, leaving behind a tumbling, stick-like object that pointed down, grew large. . . .

That first bomb landed on the foredeck, gashing a great hole, killing two men, and making the ship stagger.

She reared, then settled heavily back with a thud that nearly jarred the skipper's teeth from his stubborn jaw.

Bells began to ring.

Men raced to quarters.

The ship was mortally struck.

Flames shot up suddenly, then turned to black smoke.

Fire!

Far below decks, the engineers stood at their posts.

The stand-by machinery was running.

The Chief, listening to the droning turbines, had no more expression than usual on his carven Glasgow face.

Steel shafts gleamed, rev. indicators ticked loudly, men stood watching the wide-open throttles.

On their work depended not only the steam that was giving the ship strength to dodge the sea-eagle, but also power for the electric light, the radio, the hoses. . . .

A horrible shudder and a blasting roar told that another heavy bomb had hit the vessel.

She lurched sharply, and heeled over.

Clang-clang!

Telegraphs rang out their peremptory messages.

Not a man down there showed uneasiness.

Yet they knew that, if the ship went down, they must drown, never seeing the light, never even having a chance to swim.

She was heeling over, slowly, with deadly sluggish gait.

And then came the third bomb.

The engine-room disappeared in a great blinding flash.

Lights went out.

One of the bomber's missiles had penetrated the ship's bowels, and burst there.

The engines suddenly went mad!

A broken piston shot up with all the weight of the steam behind it, and came crashing down.

A connecting-rod flashed aside and buried itself in one of the supporting columns of the engines.

An enormous crank smacked across a cross-head.

Steam screamed from broken pipes.

Glug-glug of water was heard, greedily choking, behind all the other frightful noises, as the sea poured into the engine-room.

Shattered bits of machinery flailed about in the darkness, smashing into the water that was already waist high.

Men were screaming as the scalding steam hit them, and then their shouts were suddenly cut off.

Some were dead. Some were dying.

But in the midst of that inferno, others were half wading, half swimming, refusing to try to save themselves till they had turned off every reachable steam outlet and done all they could to keep some sort of life, even for a few minutes, in the battered wreck that had been a fine ship five minutes before.

This Way to Safety

Down there in the darkness, David Morris, fourth engineer, stood shoulder-deep in swirling water, listening to the squealing steam, clanking and thudding steel, and human voices.

He was struck suddenly on the forehead by a flying rivet.

He raised a hand and wiped away the blood pouring from the wound.

Then he turned, and began wading through the water.

Reaching out in front of him, he presently felt the bottom of a ladder that led to the decks from which a man might jump to take his chance of rescue.

You might think he would have dragged himself up that ladder.

But that is not the way of Drake's brood!

Morris yelled sharply. His voice shot through the crying of the mad machinery—and back came a faint answer.

"Come here—this way . . . this way to the ladder!" Morris shouted. "All you firemen—come this way. It's time to go on deck."

Human sounds were heard in the din, men who had given up any expectation of life were realising that death might still be cheated.

Morris stood, holding the ladder with one hand.

The water was still rising slowly, but it was touching the lobes of his ears.

He knew that the boilers might explode, tearing the guts out of the ship and plunging her to the depths.

He knew that her cylinders might collapse and drop through her bottom.

He knew that he might be killed any second by flying metal, or drowned, or scalded.

His hand kept going up mechanically to wipe away the blood from his forehead, running down into his eyes.

"Here I am, sir—where are you?"

Morris reached out a hand into the blackness, felt something sodden, gripped it, and pulled it floating in to him.

Fishing for Men

It was the fireman he had called.

"Here's the ladder. Got it? Fine! Now up you go!"

"Can't I help you, sir . . . ?

"Get up, you ——! But thanks just the same!"

Slowly the figure dragged itself up the ladder.

Water poured down on Morris, but he was already fishing with one arm for the next fireman.

The water in the engine-room was still rising.

It was so high that the engineer had to tilt his chin to keep his mouth free.

Only the increasing deadly heel-over of the ship prevented the slopping stuff, scummy from leaking oil, from covering him.

She might turn over and plunge!

But Morris stood there by the ladder, fishing for men.

One by one he caught his firemen, counted them like a hen counts her chicks, and sent them off up the ladder into the air, into freedom—back to life!

So they all went—until only one was left.

Morris shouted to him.

He came plunging, splashing, groping through the blackness, near the ladder.

Morris heard him spluttering—heard him groan.

"Here you are—here—come on, man, stick it . . ."

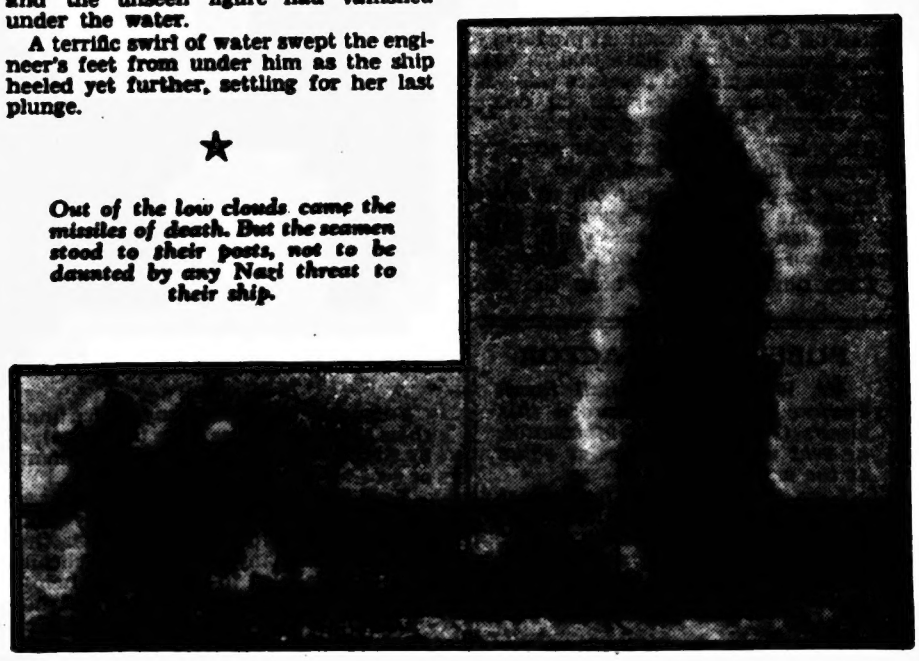
The fireman responded with a last flurry through the water.

Morris's searching fingers touched him, gripped sodden clothing, pulled, felt a sudden deadweight tug at his hand, and the unseen figure had vanished under the water.

A terrific swirl of water swept the engineer's feet from under him as the ship heeled yet further, settling for her last plunge.

★

Out of the low clouds came the missiles of death. But the seamen stood to their posts, not to be daunted by any Nazi threat to their ship.



And then David Morris let go of the ladder, and dived into that black water, amid the whirling and smashing of enormous pistons and the whipping of broken shafts and rods.

Into that unseen hell he dived, feeling before him for a man almost certainly dead already—merely to see whether he could give him a chance of life.

Three times he dived into the scummy water, among that splashing babel of engines gone mad.

He was swept here and there, and his own chance of ever regaining the ladder was not worth the toss of a ship's biscuit.

At last he found what he was seeking—a heavy, waterlogged body.

He dragged it to the surface, refilled his bursting lungs, and swam back to the ladder towing the other man.

Spitting out oily water, he got a fresh foothold at the ladder's foot, and crooked an arm round the body.

He peered into the other's face—holding him up as he washed about in the moving darkness.

The body was inert.

Passing his hands along, Morris came to sudden evidence that the fireman was dead. There was no doubt of it. No hope.

No Victoria Cross

The engineer reluctantly let the body slide back

It went under.

He stood there, re-counting his men.

All were out of it now—all but the one who was dead.

The ship lurched suddenly.

Not until then, and not even then without a lingering glance at his dreadful, broken engines, did the fourth engineer climb heavily to the distant deck.

Merchant seamen are not given the Victoria Cross.

They awarded David Morris the O.B.E. for saving life, not destroying it.

Morris, and the men he had rescued, wasted no time ashore.

They are now back again on the heaving water.

But I like to think that, as that fourth engineer at last dragged himself out on deck, Drake and Grenville, from their window in the Distant Port, looked out on the sea and smiled.

NEXT WEEK:

A Yankee Cheats the Sea Devil

DIGGERS BETRAYED

★ *Let the People Dig. Give them the land, the seeds, the implements, the water, and the chance to grow their own food, and we'll laugh at Hitler's threats to starve Britain into submission.*

THEY come from the side streets, the back streets, the blocks of flats, the smart villas and the big houses; they wear their gum boots, and they carry spades, forks and rakes.

They are the unofficial pioneer corps of the home defence line. They are the allotmenteers, the eager toilers who are willing to devote an hour of twilight each evening to diluting the fury with which Hitler hopes to starve Britain into submission.

But these pioneers are suffering as all pioneers must suffer. And they are not being supported. When you see the men and women with their spades hurrying towards the local open spaces, you might think that Britain had at last become fully conscious of the power of its gardens and allotments.

Only a Few

But it hasn't. These Pioneers of Twilight Digging represent very few of the nation's gardening potential. The land at their disposal represents even less of the space that they should be allowed to dig.

Figures are tedious, and they are notoriously indifferent advocates. You can use them to prove anything.

But it is not difficult to realise that many families are now having to go without vegetables that they could have produced themselves. Because space in ships can no longer be devoted to carrying onions and the like, we need not cut them from the menu.

A ten-rod allotment would provide every family with all the vegetables it needed for the whole year—if scientifically planted.

Yet even apologists for the allotment muddle admit that Britain's home-gardeners are not producing 20 per cent. of the land potential. You can't lay the blame at any one pair of feet. Mr. R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, has done all he can in some directions.

His experts have devoted broadcasts and pamphlets to advising us what to grow and how to grow it. They have listed off the eight essential products of the allotment. They have told us to go easy on cabbages and potatoes this year while we concentrate more on onions and carrots, parsnips and spinach.

They have let us into the secret of intensive cultivation, and so on.

They do everything but tell us where to find the land. They speak so glibly of the ten-rod plot that you'd think every man had his garden at hand.

They obviously don't hear the constant cry for land that comes from those who would dig if they could.

Mr. Hudson should remember that gardening is no longer merely a hobby

They can't have seen the photographs of West End Londoners threatening to dig up the pavements of the Royal Borough because the authorities refused them allotments in Kensington Gardens.

The Minister should start from the beginning before the would-be allotmenteers miss the chance of another summer's harvest.

He should compel local authorities to provide the land.

To Hell with the rose gardens. Unless we win this war—and home-grown food is as essential to victory as a boatload of guns—we won't get the chance to smell the roses.

He should compel them to lay water on to these open spaces so that the crops shall not be burned to death—as they were in many districts last summer.

He should compel them to urge allotmenteers to form seed and tool pools, so that the Victory Diggers can buy more cheaply, share implements that they might otherwise have to do without.

Not a Hobby

He should treat the allotment problem as something of national importance; for gardening is no longer merely a hobby.

Compulsion in such things should be used only as a last resort. But it is needed to move these local authorities.

When the mayor pathetically asks that suburban gardens should grow fewer snapdragons and more sprouts the parks and gardens committee sits back and laughs.

Let the people dig, they say. But the people can have the clay fields or the refuse tip beside the sewage farm. Hands off the parks and the playing fields. That Cumberland turf cost so much that people mustn't be allowed to walk on it.

They don't even go so far as to arrange for gardens that now lie idle (because their owners are shouldering arms instead of rakes) to be cultivated by willing neighbours.

They don't even try to do anything about the 2,000,000 ten-rod allotments that are contained in Britain's five million suburban gardens.

Isn't it about time they were made to do something?

But that's not all.

The comparatively few allotmenteers who brought their crops to fine maturity last year found that they had been betrayed on the last lap.

Having devoted more money than they could well afford to seeds, tools, wire netting, glass and all the odds and ends of the gardener's armoury, they found their garden stocked with an abundance of good things.

Far too much for them to eat themselves, they were told. They ate all they could—and had to let the rest go to waste because there was no official scheme for disposing of the surplus produce.

Yet people in the same neighbourhood were probably going without.

You see what a big problem this is.

It can't be tackled as though it were an incidental offshoot of the war effort.

It is a new industry, as important as any other branch of the nation's great schemes of production.

Let's Have System

It should be mobilised systematically. Local authorities must devote a fair proportion of land to each family in the neighbourhood, they must see that the Victory Diggers receive advice, seeds and implements according to their means; they must not expect men to cultivate land that is an hour's tram ride from their homes; they must see about the water supply; and, above all, they have to help with the marketing of the surplus produce.

That's the only way they can avoid betraying the Digging Pioneers of the Twilight.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. W. Joyce, Bromhill Road, Bedford, has been awarded this week's Guinea. The information he sent me is of particular value at the present time.

I am always glad to hear from readers about any matter that calls for enquiry. Letters should be addressed to me personally, and envelopes marked "Public Benefactor" in the top left-hand corner.

Their Misery is Faked

SYMPATHETIC officials of the War Damage Assistance Boards, impressed by stories of great suffering in air raids, are falling easy victims to frauds.

Their great desire is naturally to help, not to question too avidly persons whose minds are still a little unbalanced by blast and fire.

So great has the racket grown lately that it has been given an official designation—the "Bomb Trick" is the name the police call it.

Judge Whiteley recently voiced a stern warning at the Old Bailey when he had before him several men charged with obtaining money in this way.

"If these frauds go on," he said, "sentences will in future be much heavier than they are to-day."

* * *

Enquiries made by my department show that large sums have been obtained by "blitz" crooks during the last month or so.

Two to ten pounds is the average amount obtained, and it is only when officials began to cross-check that they found that many of their applicants were not entitled to a farthing's help.

Their stories were just cheer ballyhoo.

One man with many names has lately obtained well over £100 in small sums by swindling one London War Damage Assistance Committee or another.

Mr. Lane Mitchell, a lawyer acting for the Treasury, recently asked a magistrate to pass a heavy sentence as this fraud was very much on the increase.

But he was considerate enough to stress that officials could not be blamed. They had to "give relief quickly," which made the task of war relief impostors comparatively easy.

* * *

Another rogue with numerous aliases is touring bombed towns, and tells a most moving story about his home having been destroyed. It would be difficult not to help him had you to sit and listen to his lament, although actually he has never been near enough to a real "Blitz" to have first-hand information of any kind about bursting high explosives.

Yet warrants for his arrest are in existence in all parts of the country!

One "Blitz-rogue," pretending to be representing a Town Council, has told people bereaved in air raids that he has been instructed to settle the affairs of the dead persons.

He described to an elderly woman how her sister, brother-in-law and their children had perished in a raid, giving gruesome details of what was supposed to have happened.

His horrid story was a fake.

Yet some of the details he gave about the family business connections were so accurate that he had obviously made sure of his facts before setting out to swindle.

She parted with several pounds in the belief that she was paying legal fees. But when she claimed from the estate she discovered that the family had not even been involved in an air raid.

Many people are being victimised by crooks who get accommodation at small hotels and boarding houses by pretending that they have been "bombed out" and are in need of temporary rooms.

They run up bills and disappear when their hosts get suspicious.

* * *

Another very active "distress" crook, telling similar stories, always mentions the agonies of his aged mother. Police investigations show that he hasn't seen his mother for many years.

Into the offices of the Wealdstone Public Assistance Board there walked a man who told a graphic story of how his house had been bombed and demolished. He asked for £5. On one or two previous occasions he had obtained over £21 by similar stories.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

"John Bull" Reporters Turn the Spotlight on

BULGARIA *land of lost causes has been bribed, cajoled and bullied into yielding to Nazi penetration, but she has long been the obstinate obstacle to peace in the Balkans*

WHY was it that 6,000,000 Bulgars, with a potential army of 800,000 fine fighters and excellent natural defensive positions, yielded so easily to Nazi threats?

Nazi bribes have been a great temptation in a country where the Prime Minister earns only £50 a month, a general a little more than £10.

Films of Nazi mechanised units ploughing the civilians and armies of Poland (with her 30,000,000 people) and France, Belgium and Holland (with their 70,000,000 peoples) have had a terrifying effect on the primitive Bulgarian peasant, who still uses an iron or wooden horse-plough.

But Bulgaria is a land of lost causes because the Bulgar is psychologically incapable of logical thought.

For thirty years or more this trait has made her the worst trouble-maker in the Balkans.

Always ready to fight, she never was satisfied with her fate. Within a few months, in the Balkans war of 1912, she fought on the side of the Greeks, Serbs and Rumanians against the Turks, and then against her Allies.

Without any necessity she entered the Great War on the side of Germany against the Allies, including her traditional protector Russia.

Comparatively, she was treated leniently by the victorious Powers. Not even her dynasty was removed, although her entry into the war was mainly due to the personal sympathies of her sovereign, Ferdinand, for the Central Powers. He had to abdicate, but his son Boris was allowed to remain on the throne.

Hostile to Neighbours

Throughout the post-war period Bulgaria was hostile to her neighbours. The only real friendship which she maintained was with Hungary, because it was a friendship *against* Yugoslavia and Rumania.

Later she became a tool of Hungary's protector Italy, and Boris married a daughter of King Victor Emanuel.

All efforts to assure peace in the Balkans by the creation of a "Balkan Entente"—a scheme sponsored by Turkey, Rumania, Yugoslavia and Greece and encouraged by Great Britain and France—were spoiled by Bulgaria under German and Italian inspiration.

Moreover Bulgaria became the permanent headquarters of political gangsters, the Macedonian terrorists, who committed crime after crime, sometimes inside, sometimes outside the Bulgarian frontier.

Bulgaria's relapse as a satellite of Germany in war time raises the question whether the independence of this State has any real justification at all.

The difference in language, culture and history between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia are perhaps not greater than between the English and the Scots, the inhabitants of Normandy and those of the Provence, the Rhinelanders and the Bavarians, the Czechs and the Slovaks.

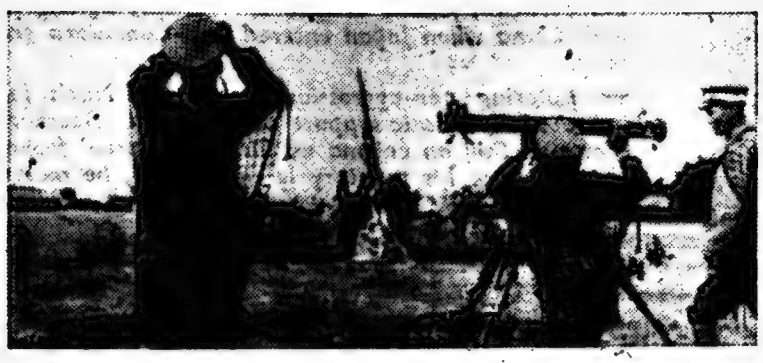
Reasonable, farsighted men both in Yugoslavia and Bulgaria admit that there exists no deep-rooted reason for maintaining two separate States whose rivalries are purely artificial

Same Religion

The peoples of the two countries have the same Orthodox religion, they use the same printing types, and it is a pure matter of chance that the Bulgars stick to the Russian calendar while the Yugoslavs' year begins on the same day as in the rest of Europe.

Whatever the difference between the two countries may be they are not important enough to justify a separation which was a permanent source of weakness and which enabled the Axis to use these Balkan people as pawns in their war-game against Britain.

JAPAN *still shouting bellicose threats at the Western World has little to shout about when you consider her shoddy ships, poor air force and starved army*



Even though Japanese soldiers are trying their best to appear thoroughly modern, by using camouflage nets and aircraft predictors for publicity photographs, their service equipment does not stand up to careful investigation

EXPERTS here and in America are not impressed by Japanese bluster.

While readily granting the probability of Tokio possessing hidden forces, they still think the swarms of Nippon would be easily outclassed if matched against either Britain or the United States.

And they have been revising their estimates of Japan's strength.

* * *

In most classes of warships, including battleships, the U.S. Navy outnumbers the Japanese. Latest figures available show:—

	Japan	U.S.A.
Battleships ..	10-12	17
Aircraft carriers ..	9	6
Cruisers	38	37
Destroyers ..	106	180
Submarines ..	74	114

Present Japanese construction (two battleships, five cruisers, eight destroyers, eleven submarines, and one aircraft carrier) will not materially affect U.S. superiority. For the United States will also have a new battleship and twenty-two new destroyers in commission this year.

Independent experts consider the Japanese Fleet, ship for ship, to be about 20 per cent. inferior in marksmanship, protection and manœuvrability to the British and American ships.

* * *

Estimates of Japan's Air Force vary between 1,000 and 2,500 first-line machines, equal to one month of U.S. production when the rearmament programme is in full swing.

One-third of these aircraft must be kept in China, where Japanese pilots are still a mockery, even though they have bombed women and children.

The Japanese know nothing of the latest British and U.S. warplane designs.

They depend only on improved designs furnished by the Nazis.

This means not only a great time lag in producing new machines, but also the production of machines with the same disadvantages as Nazi machines.

Japan is training 3,000 pilots a year, mostly non-commissioned officers and farm boys of no great mental capacity.

Japanese bomb-aiming is a sorry business. Four hundred low-level attacks on the large North Station Administration Building, at Shanghai, resulted in only 40 hits, caused eight casualties.

Repeated attacks on the Pearl River Bridge at Canton (about the size of Tower Bridge in London) left the bridge intact.

Nearest bomb landed 300 yards away.

Large (and exceedingly courageous) Japanese armies are sadly under-mechanised.

Tanks consist mainly of small two-man machines, a type discarded as of little use by the Western Powers.

* * *

Infantry battalions are deficient in fire power, according to modern standards.

The artillery uses a 7.5-cm. Krupp field gun firing shrapnel.

Yet the value of shrapnel in modern warfare is increasingly questioned.

Of the 2,250,000 men Japan could mobilise for service within a month in an emergency, at least one-third must be kept in China and in Japanese dependencies.

Economic weakness is her greatest handicap.

Japan has depended on the United States for one-half of her annual consumption of 5,500,000 tons of iron ore.

Nine-tenths of her oil comes from the U.S.A., Mexico, and the Dutch East Indies.

All her supplies of rubber, tin, lead, copper, nickel and spelter come from the Allies and the U.S.A.

Unless won quickly, war would be economic suicide for Japan.

U-BOATS *are the weapon Hitler is now using to try to intimidate Britain, but one fact alone shows there may be quite a lot of bluff even in this threat, serious though it is*

DON'T make any mistake about it, Hitler's U-boats are dangerous. Attacking from their advance bases on the east coast of the Atlantic, in co-operation with the *Luftwaffe*, U-boats will give the British Navy a lot to do.

We must face a certain rise in shipping losses.

It will be a stern test for Naval men, the Coastal Command of the R.A.F., the shipbuilders, shipyard workers, and dockers.

But we can take comfort in realising that Hitler has not as many U-boats as he would like to have us believe!

Making an Estimate

We can hardly know how many U-boat keels have recently been laid down on Germany's building-slips, but we know how many U-boat accumulators were built in Germany in a certain period.

That is precisely what we have to know if we want to make a fair estimate.

There is only one factory in Germany that can build highly complicated U-boat accumulators: the Berlin-Hagener Akkumulatorenwerke A.G., in Hagen in Westphalia.

The accumulator is among the most important parts of U-boat machinery.

Its production is not only a long process, but also requires highly skilled experts and special machines.

That is why the Westphalian factory manufactured only 60 accumulators from May to September, 1940—a monthly output of about 12.

Now we know that Germany entered the war with about 78 U-boats, 50 of which had been destroyed by May, 1940.

We can rightly assume that in the meantime not only the remainder followed the fate of their predecessors, but also that Germany lost even more than the original 78 submarines.

During the last 18 months Germany has built about 210 U-boats.

If she lost only 50 of these new U-boats (and this is a conservative estimate), she can now have at her disposal at most 160 submarines, probably even fewer!

Bled—Then Tortured

The owner of the Berlin-Hagener Akkumulatorenwerke A.G. was Herr Quandt, whose wife divorced him in 1932 to become Frau Magda Goebbels!

Herr Quandt was put into a concentration camp in 1933

Release was promised him only on condition that he paid his former wife a large alimony allowance.

So he paid her £200,000, and made over many shares in his business before being tortured to death in approved concentration camp manner

That is how Nazi chiefs become rich.

Back to Hitler's U-boats.

There are the boats—160 at most. But it doesn't mean that crews are ready for them.

Submarines are manned only with volunteers.

These crews require a long training. Often five years.

So it is doubtful whether Hitler has crews for all his boats, and if he has them, whether they are as well trained as is necessary.

Another difficulty. His naval ratings do not want to volunteer for U-boat service.

They know too well what it implies.

Some months ago, 200 men in Wilhelmshaven, the big Nazi naval base, were asked for U-boat volunteers.

Five men came forward!

The officers were shocked.

Slight pressure was then exerted. Seven more men volunteered.

But that was all, even though U-boat volunteers were promised a sort of paradise on earth. . .

WHAT OF STAL

★ *SOVIET RUSSIA'S RELATIONS WITH OTHER PRINCIPAL POWERS during the last twenty-five years fall into these divisions:*

★ *In the beginning she was the complete Isolationist*

★ *Fearing opposition of an Anglo-French alliance, she signed a treaty of friendship and commerce with Germany at Rapallo, near Genoa, Italy, in 1922.*

★ *Alarmed by violence of Hitler's vehement anti-Bolshevist policy, Soviet co-operated with Democracies, joining League of Nations, signing pacts with France and Czechoslavakia, siding with China when Japan entered anti-Comintern group. Sulked after being ignored at Munich talks.*

★ *Entering non-aggression pact with Nazis in August, 1939, she swallowed half Poland, indicated diplomatic support of Germany. Butchered Finland, "occupied" other mid-European States. Still an enigma as far as his true feelings are concerned, Stalin can vacillate no longer. Now his territory is endangered, he must take the big decision.*

By A. G. GARDINER

TWO views have been taken of Stalin's note to Bulgaria disapproving of her surrender to Hitler.

One is that it is a reminder to Hitler that his march to the Dardanelles may drive Moscow to action. The other, that it is a sort of shamefaced apology to his own people for having left Bulgaria in the lurch.

That is what he has done. If Hitler has annexed a country with such strong affinities with Russia as Bulgaria has, it is because Stalin dared not put his foot down.

It was not Boris who surrendered to Hitler. It was Stalin.

And the question that arises out of that surrender is whether there is any point at which Russian interests will compel Stalin to throw the potentialities of Russia into the scale on one side or the other. And if so, which side?

TO FIND AN ANSWER TO THESE QUESTIONS, LET US TRY TO READ THE "HAND" WHICH STALIN IS PLAYING. IT IS, OR SHOULD BE, A POWERFUL, PERHAPS A DECISIVE HAND.

Putting aside France and Italy as the "cripples" of the war, there are now left five great powers to be reckoned with.

Of these, Britain and the United States (unofficially so far) are in one camp; Germany and Japan in the other. The fifth, Russia, is undeclared.

It is not undeclared because it has no stake in the struggle. Its fate is involved in the issue as much as our own or Germany's or America's or Japan's.

The reason it is undeclared is, I think, twofold. It springs from Fear and Calculation. Stalin is haunted by two fears. He fears the might and menace of Germany and he fears the weakness of Russia.

PROCEEDING FROM THESE FEARS IS ANOTHER. LIKE ALL DICTATORS, HE FIGHTS FOR HIS OWN HAND AND HIS OWN SURVIVAL.

Defeat for him would mean personal extinction. (Witness the case of Mussolini: he has ceased to be anything but a thing of derision and scorn.)

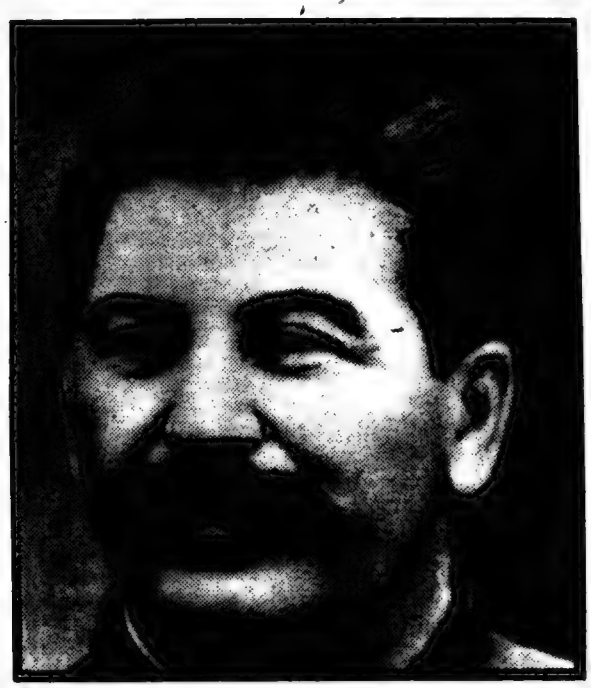
AND this fear complex has dictated Stalin's policy. He calculated that if he could divert Hitler's *blitzkrieg* from east to west he could save himself, gain time, conserve his strength and exhaust the strength of the enemy he feared.

Perhaps that enemy would be beaten. At the worst, his stroke would be delayed, and at any phase of the struggle an uncommitted Russia might step in and turn the scale.

Hence the bargain of Molotov with Ribbentrop on the eve of the war.

In the short view it paid Stalin handsomely. Hitler's immediate necessity was desperate and Stalin's price was high. He preserved his own detachment from the war. He gained enormous territories.

Still more important, he was able, with Hitler's approval, to build up his defences against the day when Hitler might be in a position to turn the *blitzkrieg* on him.



THE SPHINX OF THE KREMLIN SCENTS DANGER

He made himself master of the Gulf of Bothnia and interposed the Pripet marshes between himself and any contemplated German attack.

But these short-view manœuvres are over, and the stern realities are disclosed. Whatever view we take of the Stalin note to Bulgaria, it indicates that a change has come over the Hitler-Stalin scene.

IT SHOWS THAT RUSSIA IS AT ALL EVENTS AWAKE TO THE IMMENSE PERIL TO HER INDEPENDENCE THAT IS ENCLOSING HER EAST AND WEST.

For answer to these questions above, look at the map in the light of what is happening. In area, in population, in undeveloped wealth, Russia is the vastest unit of power in the world.

It stretches six thousand miles across Europe and Asia. *And over all this enormous expanse of the earth it is landlocked.*

It has no access to the warm waters of Europe except through the Dardanelles. It has no access to the Pacific except through Vladivostock.

And Hitler is marching to the Dardanelles and his ally Japan is announcing its sovereignty of the Pacific.

In other words, Russia is threatened with the complete closure of her free right of access to the seas of the world all the year round.

FOR NOTHING IS MORE CERTAIN, IF THE AXIS SHOULD WIN THE WAR, THAN THAT HITLER WILL HOLD THE KEYS OF THE BLACK SEA AND JAPAN WILL DRIVE RUSSIA WITH ALL THE REST OF THE WHITE RACES FROM EASTERN ASIA.

Russia would be a prisoner within her own border, with the Japanese turnkey at one exit and a German turnkey at the other.

BUT that is not all. Hitler has made no secret of his intentions in regard to the sprawling giant that marches with his frontiers from the Baltic to the Black Sea.

His hatred of what he used to call "the scum of Moscow" has been put in cold storage for the time being.

But, given his victory in the West, it will burst to flame again. His command of the Black Sea will enable him to overrun the rich wheat lands of the Ukraine and the oilfields of Batum.

And Stalin will not have forgotten the speech in which Hitler gloated in anticipation over the mineral riches of the Urals.

Nor is he fool enough to suppose that the barrier which Hitler has allowed him to erect from Finland to Bessarabia will keep out the hordes that Hitler will let loose upon him when the hour comes.

It will be a poor consolation to him then that he gorged himself on the bits of fat that Hitler threw to him as the price of his silence and subservience now.

IF HITLER IS ABLE TO SEIZE AND HOLD THE DARDANELLES THE FATE OF RUSSIA IS SEALED.

She will become a mere feudatory of Germany, and Stalin and his gang will go as Mussolini and his gang are already going in Italy.

I do not fear that Hitler will be able to seize and hold the Dardanelles. I look for quite another issue. But Stalin should not assume too confidently that in fighting to

LIN?

save the liberties of the world we and the Turks and the Greeks will incidentally save him from the rod that Hitler has in pickle for his back.

If he is to help to defeat the only enemy that Russia has to fear the moment to strike is now.

It has been suggested that he has been bought off by the promise of other bits of fat to be thrown to him by Hitler—Warsaw, for example.

But that is too grotesque a suggestion. Stalin is many unpleasant things, but he is not a complete ass. To sacrifice the Dardanelles for a temporary occupation of the ruins of Warsaw would be like exchanging Lombard Street for a China orange, and that a bad one.

And so I come to the answers to the questions with which I started. If the realities of the war have any meaning for Russia, if her existence as an independent power is a vital interest, then Russia must throw her potentialities into the scale against her deadly enemy.

And I do not forget that it was the defection of Russia which started the landslide that swept Napoleon to his doom.

SWAFFER Lifts the Lid

SHOULD THE B.B.C. BAN "LEFT" THINKERS?

● In peace time, this would be intolerable; but we are now at war.

Some months ago, Middleton Murray, described by Pacifists as "our greatest thinker," was speaking on the air on European problems, yet at the same time saying in *Peace News*:

"Hitler is an ascetic. Churchill smokes big cigars."

Why should the B.B.C. give nation-wide publicity to a man whose statements elsewhere were defeatist?

The B.B.C. also banned Sir Hugh Roberton, Pacifist conductor of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir.

I know Sir Hugh, and like him. But why should he be advertised by the B.B.C. so that his Pacifist views obtain more weight?

We have many musicians, but only one aim—the defeat of Nazidom.

Since then the B.B.C. has banned several band leaders, an actor or two—and a crooner—for taking part in the "People's Convention," which has advocated "a workers' Government" and "a workers' peace."

These people don't realise that the only way British workers could make peace with German workers would be by sailing to Germany and holding a conference with them—in a concentration camp.

There are too many crooners: why boost one who opposes the war?

As for dance band leaders, well, the B.B.C. should not select for employment those who introduce jazz into their political opinions.

If Britannia rules the waves, it should control even the Marcel waves in band leaders' hair.

WHAT ARE SHELTERS LIKE TO-DAY?

● London's shelters have been improved enormously.

The worst are now as good as were the best.

The best are even better.

The difficult ones are the in-betweens, the smaller communal shelters, about which no one has bothered.

Within a month of his appointment, Charlie Key, to whom Herbert Morrison gave shelter control, was able to report quite a number of improvements.

Yet, on a quiet night in January, a census showed that for the whole of the London region only 4 per cent. of the population were in public shelters!

People had not developed a shelter mentality.

On the other hand, quite a large proportion of people go underground because they like shelter life.

After isolated lives in back streets, with no social contacts, they find a companionship in shelters.

"Reading" plays began in St. Pancras shelters.

People who had never seen a play on the stage suddenly discovered that they had a flair for elocution and for character parts.

Some boroughs have pushed their libraries underground.

Fred Copeman, famous leader of the International Brigade in Madrid, took charge of the shelters in Westminster, which are probably the best managed in London.

West Ham, which was one of the black boroughs in the "Blitz," is now transformed.

An emergency committee took over at the beginning of the year, and now West Ham's civil defence is said to be the best in all the London boroughs, and its shelters have been improved out of all recognition.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH FOOD?

● The food shortage is serious—and will remain so until Britain's supplies are at their height in the summer.

Not unnaturally there is a great deal of feeling over the apparent disparity in the distribution.

People can get cheese in the West End of London when the South Wales coal miner, who wants cheese for his "bait" in the pit, cannot buy any.

Ministry of Food officials say that it is trying to make distribution available in districts where certain types of food, such as cheese, are a necessity for miners and farm labourers.

There should be a way of dealing with the kind of food inequality that is represented by the Oxford Street store that was selling tomatoes the other day at 7s. 6d. a lb. and cucumbers at 6s. 6d., or the big hotel that can get bananas merely because a ship has accidentally brought some in and no one has ordered any.

It is not worth while setting up an organisation to handle these occasional supplies; the Ministry of Food's staff is enormous already.

But the Ministry should control sudden arrivals of semi-luxuries and give them away to the hospitals, if necessary, rather than let the people get the idea that there is unfairness in the distribution of food.

And They Also Must Suffer

I DON'T know whether you would call the late Alfonso of Spain a kingly man. I doubt whether history has produced many kingly monarchs.

Most rulers who set themselves over their fellow men were vain or stupid or ignorant.

Some were fops; some were mere hedonists; others parasites living on the body politic and economic.

Few monarchs in the past made any contribution to the good of mankind. They bred wars and miseries.

Britain has been fortunate in this respect. The late King George V died in the knowledge that he had upheld the highest traditions of kingship and had earned the love of his people.

* * *

His son, King George VI, is a leader of quiet courage, of homely virtue. In him is the true democratic spirit. He *is* one of the people. He shares their sorrows and their burdens. He is the first commoner, in the sense that he mixes with his people, talks with them, studies their problems and works constantly for their well-being.

If all kings had been like our present monarch, the pages of history would tell a different story. And Britain should be thankful that in a time of stress she can take inspiration from a good, kingly man.

Alfonso's last words—"Kings must suffer to be brave"—expressed briefly the sorrows that shadowed his life.

He survived several attempts at assassination. He sacrificed his throne in the hope of averting civil war, and afterwards saw his country torn by bombs and tanks.

Not only kings but commoners, too, must suffer to be brave.

The common people have always suffered.

They have paid for the ambitions of the "great" in blood and money. Century after century their homes have been impoverished by the stupid brutalities of war.

They have supplied their sons as archers, bowmen, fusiliers—the cannon fodder of the Middle Ages.

They have, in their sorrow, erected memorials to those who died.

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

But the memorials that stand scattered over the face of the world are mostly costly statues in bronze—testimony to the slaughtering powers of the conquerors of history.

To suffer, they say, is to die a little.

But there are different kinds of suffering.

A king may assess his burden of sorrow in terms of bravery.

But kings have big stakes in life—stakes worth some suffering.

If they are kingly they will suffer when their subjects suffer. They will try to fulfil to the utmost the obligations thrust upon them by birth.

* * *

The little people have no such obligations. *Noblesse oblige* **is not a governing factor in their lives.**

Theirs is no spacious background of grandeur or magnificent tradition.

Instead, it is one of quiet, uneventful homes, of little sacrifices, of hidden virtues.

They suffer not to be brave—for the quality of courage is a virtue not to be proclaimed and trumpeted to the world.

They suffer because their suffering, especially to-day, is necessary to maintain the decency and liberty of the little homes they have cherished over the years.

* * *

They would laugh at you if you described them as martyrs.

They would regard you as a talkative and meddlesome fool if you told them that their suffering would go down as one of the most shining chapters in history.

They accept the lot which a crazy, power-mad nation has forced on them.

Their endurance and fortitude are the hall-mark of their kind.

No one will ever assess truly the sufferings of our people.

There are the outward and visible signs of the burden they bear—pitiable heaps of charred and ruined furniture, gaping holes which once were homes.

But the story of the inward, mental suffering will never be told.

Smiling courage hides the misery that comes of shattered lives; jaunty defiance is the reaction they give to the world.

The suffering they endure is ennobling. Yet they will not have it so.

But they will admit that there's a job to be done. If that job of breaking the Nazi machine entails suffering, so be it.

No one likes to suffer.

But if by suffering the people are going to emerge into a cleaner, juster and brighter world, they are ready to pay the price.

See how Andrews Liver Salt refreshes and purifies:

FIRST—Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.

NEXT—Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN—It tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY—To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels.

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

10½d. and 1/6½d. including purchase tax.

1438

VARNENE gives floors lasting beauty

You'll be delighted with the beautiful and lasting high gloss finish which Varnene gives floors and woodwork.

Ask your dealer for

VARNENE THE FINER OIL VARNISH STAIN

V/H3/

Both carefully washed but I used Persil

Never again will you have to look at your fine wash with misgivings, for Persil sets your mind at rest. Persil's gentleness and thoroughness preserves the beauty of your shimmering silks, the soft fleeciness of your woollens—it keeps your coloureds bright and gay as new. Remember—materials are precious these days, and Persil is so safe!

Don't forget if any washing problems crop up, in actual washing, drying, ironing or finishing, just drop a line for free advice to the Persil washing expert, Mrs. Holiday, Persil Home Washing Bureau, Warrington, Lancs.

PERSIL WASHES SO GENTLY THAT IT MAKES FINE FABRICS LAST LONGER

Economise this way

It's all the more important these days, when you want all your clothes and household linen to last as long as possible, to use Persil. Persil's gentleness makes things last.

PER 824-783-88

Open up for MALTESERS

Irresistible chocolate bubbles with crisp honeycomb centres that taste deliciously malty *and* give you food value besides. Do you wonder you can never say no to Maltesers!

2½D ALSO IN 7½D BOXES

Look up and Smile —the Odol Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile—the Odol Smile! There's more than confidence and courage behind an Odol Smile—there's the security of sound teeth, protected from the danger of damaged enamel by fine, smooth, non-scratch Odol—and when you smile, you know that you reveal the beauty of pearly teeth. So use Odol, the finest, smoothest tooth-paste made.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder, cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 7½d. a tin.

Odol

TOOTH-PASTE 7½d. & 1/3d. SOLID DENTIFRICE 7½d.

Including Purchase Tax.

DEFIES WEAR - DEFEATS WEATHER

That's the kind of shoe repair that's needed to-day — a Dri-ped repair. Dri-ped is the leather that lasts twice as long, the double-wear leather that's waterproof, too.

Insist on **DRI-PED** Leather

for your next shoe repair

HE'S A 'PLUS' DOG, companionable, lively, never scratches, never mopes; he's always fit and friendly . . . And simply because master conditions him regularly with Bob Martin's—the famous powders which, by purifying the blood, lift him to the highest possible level of canine fitness. So remember—one Bob Martin's once a day will make *your* dog a 'plus' dog with better health, better coat, better spirits.

BOB MARTIN'S Condition Powders **keep dogs fit**

In packets: 9 powders 7d., 21 for 1/1½d. (including Purchase Tax). From all chemists, corn-stores, etc.

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY: BY W. A. SWEENEY

THE DOG IT WAS

MR. DAGGIT was a jealous man—and in love. As he walked towards the cottage of Martha Hambledown he was thinking over certain remarks William Stiles, the butcher, had made in his presence the night before.

It was well known that Martha and he were as good as engaged, and the purport of the butcher's mocking utterance (he and Mr. Daggit had had words) was that Mrs. Hambledown flirted with half the men in Great Witching.

Stiles had finished by practically stating that Mr. Daggit had a rival and was being hoodwinked.

For such a jealous man this was painful. Not that Mr. Daggit believed it, but his jealousy made it stick. Martha Hambledown, a widow of thirty-three who had come to settle in Great Witching was undeniably flighty. He had to admit it. He was fifty and had the best bank account of anybody in the place, and little else to recommend him to a woman, but he liked to imagine that she loved him for himself.

He pushed the cottage door half open. "Good morning, Mar——" Mr. Daggit stopped, his hand on the handle, and listened.

From the interior came the voice of his love raised shrilly in addressing the maid-of-all-work.

"You call that tea, you turnip-head? How many times have I told you how I want it made? It's stewed till it's like something swilled out of a tannery, you silly, brainless bumpkin!"

The merry widow was evidently not one to brood silently over her grievances.

"I've a good mind to throw it at your head!" she continued.

"Try it!" retorted the girl Aggie, defiantly.

Nobody ever defied Martha Hambledown in vain. Before the words were properly out of Aggie's mouth she received what airmen would call a "short burst" of tea right in her face, launched with an unerring hand.

The widow, however, was evidently a student of Italian tactics in warfare, for she immediately fled to her bedroom at the back and locked herself in. Ginger, the dog began to bark furiously.

"Come out!" cried Aggie the girl, banging the door. "Come out, will you?"

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Daggit, pushing full open the cottage door.

"The matter is that I want my wages and I'm gettin' out o' this," said the girl. "I'm not sure yet whether I'll go to the police or not. I'll have to see a doctor first to see that I'm not injured for life." She made for the kitchen. "I might have been scalded, only the tea was cold."

"It always is when you make it," came the muffled return fire from behind the bedroom door. "And you'd no right to challenge me."

Mr. Daggit approached the bedroom door. "Aggie's leaving," he said. "She wants her money. She's talking about going to the police——"

"Pay her, Samuel, please, for me and I'll pay you later." Mrs. Hambledown mentioned the sum and Samuel produced his purse. "That I don't see her face again is all I ask," came from behind the closed door.

Aggie returned, calmer and more imposing in outdoor dress, took the money, counted it and turned to say farewell to Ginger the dog, who, as a matter of fact, had espoused his mistress's quarrel and was growling at the girl's skirts.

"Goodbye, Ginger," said Aggie. "I bear you no ill-will though you are growling at the hand that's overfed you. But, my if you could only speak, Ginger, you'd be amusing to listen to, eh? That so Ginger? There are some people you could enlighten if you could only talk, Ginger, some people whose eyes would be opened."

Mr. Daggit paled slightly and, going up to her, said in low tones:

"Aggie, *you* have the gift of speech. *You* can talk. What do you mean by such remarks?" He drew out his purse again, searching for half-a-crown.

"Not on your life!" replied the girl. "You think you're goin' to make me blab so's everybody will know, and I won't get another place? Nothing doing. All I say is if Ginger could speak he could a tale unfold. Oh, my! Goodbye, all!"

SHE departed, slamming the door, and Mr. Daggit fell into a sombre reverie.

Then an idea came to him. Ginger, who was always with Martha in her excursions, had a remarkable memory for names. Mr. Daggit pronounced his own name in the rather tender manner affected by his loved one.

"Samuel! Samuel! Here's Samuel! Ah, go and look for Samuel!"

The dog made no mistake. He wagged his tail, barked his bark of welcome, specially reserved for the privileged of his mistress, and placed an affectionate paw on Mr. Daggit's knee.

This much having been established, Mr. Daggit searched patiently in his pockets. He had been asked the day before to compile a list of the men of Great Witching for military purposes and this list he now withdrew.

His eye ran down the column of bachelors. He knew them all well and their respective possibilities as rivals.

He glued his eyes on Ginger.

"Here's Albert!" he cried excitedly. "Oh, look at Albert coming! Go and bring Albert!"

The dog didn't move. Mr. Daggit put a tick against Albert Wattle's name with a pencil.

"Ebenezer! Where's Ebenezer? Oh, here's Eoenezer at the door! . . . Come in, Elijah. . . Go and fetch Charles . . . William. . . . Say good morning to Henry, Ginger! . . . Septimus! . . . Abel, ah, here's Abel! . . .

The dog was motionless.

AS the bedroom door opened and Martha appeared Mr. Daggit hurriedly slipped his list into his pocket.

"What are you doing?" she asked sweetly, eyeing Ginger's attentive expression.

"Talking to the dog. He's a very intelligent dog, Ginger."

"He's a darling. Aggie gone?"

"Yes."

"Good riddance. She's easily replaced. Samuel, dear, I have to go down to Mrs. Mitten's to see about some stockings I ordered. Will you keep the house till I come back?"

"If you leave me Ginger. He's a little bit of you," said Samuel, sighing.

Martha gone, he got out his list again.

"Ginger, come here. Ah, who's this? Why, it's Gregory! . . . Hullo, Sebastian! . . . Where's Alexander? . . . Go and search for Rufus! Where's Rufus. . . . Amos! Come in, Amos. . . . Oh, look! There's Jacob! . . .

Ginger remained seated, his brow wrinkled as if he were reflecting—reflecting if Mr. Daggit was right in his head. Certain names seemed to awaken a fleeting memory in him, he got ready to jump up and then seemed to think better of it.

When Mr. Daggit had got as far down the list as Benjamin Battle (they were not in alphabetical order) he began to feel a soft hope stealing over his jealous heart. Why pay attention to the chatter of a sacked maid? Everybody in Great Witching knew what Aggie Smithers's tongue was like.

Nevertheless, he intended to go to the bottom of the list, though he felt slightly ashamed of himself before Ginger, who was regarding him, motionless, as if he were sorry for him.

"Peter!" began Mr. Daggit, and immediately the dog jumped up excitedly.

"Go and fetch Peter, Ginger!" commanded Mr. Daggit, watching in anguish. "Here's Peter! Where's Peter? Peter! Hullo, Peter! . . .

There was no doubt about it. The dog was barking tenderly. He ran to the door, sniffed long and audibly under it, scratched the floor, came back to Mr. Daggit and held one paw in the air.

"Peter!" repeated Samuel, with a groan, still studying Ginger's antics.

No, there was no doubt about it. Peter must have been of a playful character, for Ginger nearly choked himself with joy, rolled over on the floor, his paws in the air, crawled on his belly, his tail wagging and yelping with glee, while he awaited the arrival of his playfellow.

"That's it," said Mr. Daggit, rising, rather pale. "It's Peter Polson, the saddler. I might have known it, the woman-chasing hound!"

When Martha returned he said to her as soon as she entered:

'Did you ever know that certain dogs can talk?"

She laughed and placed her parcel on the table.

"I'm not joking. I've been experimenting with Ginger. I've noticed long ago that when I come here his yelp of welcome distinctly resembles 'Samuel, Samuel.' I can understand dogs' language."

"It's maybe as good as the language many of the humans talk around here," said Martha carelessly.

"He knows another name, too."

"And what's that?" The widow was going to put something in her bedroom.

"Peter—Peter Polson, the saddler."

IF Mr. Daggit had cherished any illusion up to the last, the behaviour of his Martha would have certainly dispelled it.

She stopped suddenly, then turned round. The colour rushed to her face as she stared at him. She became redder still, opened her mouth, didn't speak and flopped into a chair.

"Where's my hat?" roared the jealous Mr. Daggit, implacable as Othello.

He left her staring strangely at Ginger. . . .

He went home. So Stiles the butcher had been right, after all. Mr. Daggit decided to go away for three months, and when he returned the first thing he heard was that Polson had married the widow.

He wondered how she was looking now and he hung about not far from their house to see her one evening. She was coming up from the baker's.

He lifted his hat to her, but she passed him disdainfully, her head in the air.

And then he saw that she was followed by Ginger, but a Ginger chastened, a Ginger who rather looked as if he were expiating some crime, a Ginger no longer talkative—a Ginger *securely muzzled*!

TO THE HOUSEWIVES OF BRITAIN

PLEASE FINISH TRAVELLING BY 4 O'CLOCK

..and leave the buses, trams and trains free for war workers

Issued by the Ministry of Transport and the Ministry of Labour and National Service

WITH SCO BURNT-ON OVEN GREASE MELTS

No Scouring
No Scrubbing
No Scraping

STILL PRE-WAR PRICE

6D PER TIN AT WOOLWORTHS

HOW TO END PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief

What would you give to be really cured of those torturing Piles? To find protrusions growing less and less until they finally disappear, never to torment you again? A doctor's formula brings this relief within the reach of every sufferer. The Magic Brand Pile Cure positively heals, even when piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Surgical methods are both unnecessary and unwise. If your life is being made miserable by this distressing complaint, be persuaded to try the Magic Pile Cure. The first application will stop pain and irritation almost instantly. The alarming loss of blood is arrested, swelling and inflammation gradually die down, and the piles are soothed and healed in a way that seems miraculous.

If you have never tried this wonderful remedy, do so without delay.

FREE SAMPLE, gladly sent on request to Magic Laboratories, M.N.13, New Court, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

HER TEETH ARE "WHITE LIES"

Make a note of this, *Miss S——!* Your teeth look lovely and white. But they're white lies. If only you could see the unpleasant tartar *behind* them. You ought to use Solidox!

Ordinary brushing won't move tartar, and *cannot* move it once it has taken hold. What a risk! For tartar can weaken gums and so encourage teeth troubles.

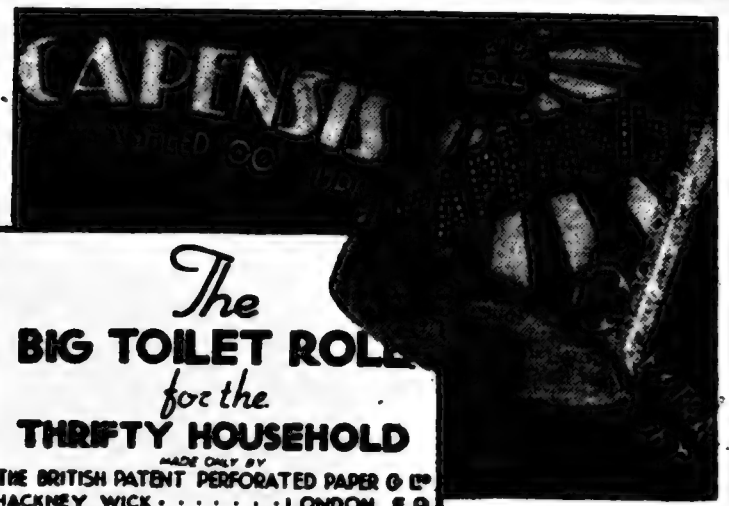
Use Solidox! It's safe on delicate enamel, yet keeps teeth brilliantly white and *tartar-free*. Solidox is the *only* toothpaste that contains the anti-tartar ingredient Ricinosulphate. So use Solidox—and keep your teeth as healthy as they seem. Healthy teeth are a big aid towards a healthy body . . . towards keeping fit, and ready for any emergency!

The dentist's mirror tells the truth . . .

Tartar! . . . the cause of dental trouble

COVERED BY BRITISH PATENT NO. 219042

SOL 29-783-58 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16



The BIG TOILET ROLL for the THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

MADE ONLY BY THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER CO LTD HACKNEY WICK · · · · · · LONDON, E.9

Fry's Cocoa as a food (2)

IN NERVE DEFENCE

FRY'S Cocoa is so packed with nourishment, energy and nerve-strengthening substances that it is a favourite drink wherever there is a job to be tackled, problems to be met, or strain to be borne. As a nightcap Fry's Cocoa is soothing and warming, bringing sound, nerve-restoring sleep to both adults and children.

Fry's Cocoa makes every meal go further—an important consideration in these days of rationing. It is also one of the few foods that have come down in price since the war, thus bringing within reach of countless families a most valuable addition to their diet.

FRY'S

The cocoa with the real chocolate flavour

5D A QUARTER-LB

C.279.31141

INDIGESTION?

A RENNIE, QUICK!

ONE . . . TWO . . . THREE

IT'S DONE THE TRICK!

Anyone who lets an attack of acid indigestion last more than 60 seconds has only himself to blame. There's a remedy which acts as quickly as that. You carry it in your pocket, it needs no water. That wonderful stomach remedy is Rennies.

Rennies are handy tablets, individually wrapped. You suck them one at a time, like sweets. Every Rennie tablet is composed of 15 powerful antacid ingredients. They cool down the fiery heartburn, ease the stomach pain, settle the flatulence. In 60 seconds you have forgotten you ever had a stomach to torment you.

People who have suffered agony for a lifetime, and tried almost every remedy under the sun, have found quick and permanent relief in Rennies. 1,198 doctors use and recommend Rennies. They know!

Be prudent and keep a packet of Rennies in readiness for emergencies. From all chemists. 25 for 7d.; four times the quantity, 2/- (tax included).

DIGESTIF

RENNIES

TO-DAY'S TOPICS

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HEARING the Duchess of Kent appeal for recruits to the W.R.N.S., my 18-year-old daughter applied.

She stated that her father was Belgian by birth, but had lived here twenty-five years, holds four of the highest medals one can gain in the British and French armies, and was naturalised in 1932.

She was told coldly that his medals made no difference. She was born before he was naturalised. She was turned down with impudence.

That child then picked up her newspapers to see the smiling faces of German girls joining the W.A.T.S.

I might add, in conclusion, that her father is at the moment I write this letter in the middle of the Atlantic, risking his life in the British war effort.

I want no payment for ventilating this matter on which I feel so keenly. If there is any to come, will you please hand it to your charity?—Mrs. A. Hopas, "Highbury," Cleadon, County Durham.

"Cunning" Nazis

It is silly to believe that Nazi propaganda and diplomacy are brilliant, subtle and cunning.

Nazi diplomacy takes the form of bludgeoning small neighbours.

"Brilliant" Nazi propaganda methods are either lying or squandering German money.

An instance of this was the Nazi offer to American radio enthusiasts to tell Germany what broadcasts they would like from Nazi stations, the Germans to pay the cost of the cables.

When Americans telegraphed (sometimes in Yiddish) such suggestions as "The funeral of Hitler," "The bombing of Berchtesgaden," and "Goering's funeral march," the stunt had to be closed down.

Brilliant? I wouldn't call it that.—H. R., Llanbedr, Conway, Caerns.

It's a Good Omen

Bill No. 1776 to pass through the United States House of Representatives is the Lease-and-Lend Bill.

Fighters for democracy should regard this as a good omen. It was in 1776 that the States declared their independence.—T. J. Dickenson, Hamilton Road, Taunton, Somerset.

Forgotten Volunteers

Hundreds of would-be pilots and observers who volunteered for service with the R.A.F., and have been acting as Home Guards or War Reserve policemen for months now, wonder why so much money is being spent on recruiting advertisements.

I am one of them.

Some of the lads who have responded to recent advertising have been sent straight to their training, but many hundreds of others seem to have been lost in the machinery.

Some are being used as butlers!—O. O. E., Somewhere in England.

What Can You Do?

My brother, an art teacher of high standard, wrote to the military authorities stating that he might be useful in the Map-making or Camouflage Departments of the Army.

He received a letter thanking him and stating that he seemed well suited to such work. Would he, when the time came, please explain his qualifications to the military interviewer?

He did. Yet he was sent forthwith to a Guards Regiment (despite a bad physical disability), and broke down during training.

Sent before a medical board, he was asked caustically, "Why the dickens didn't you make known your qualifications for the Mapping or Camouflage Departments?"—C. W., Braidfauld Gardens, Tollcross, Glasgow, E.2.

Grass Verge Feeding

We are speeding the plough to good effect, but in doing so we are robbing the country of pasture land.

This fact, coupled with the shortage of cattle cake, is going to make it difficult to maintain milk supplies.

So the authorities should turn their attention to the grass that grows beside our roads and lanes. Cows could easily be fed on it during daylight hours.

If they have any doubts let them look at the worn-out horses that gipsies buy to fatten on such grass—and then have another look at the same horses after they have been fattened to sell at a profit.—J. S. Parkin, Sherborne Road, Yeovil, Somerset.

Nazi Circus Tricks

From time to time there are rumours that Hitler—or more particularly his dupe, Mussolini—might begin a peace offensive.

Now one of the stock-in-trade tricks of the old-time circus—I often saw it as a lad sixty years ago—was for clown and ringmaster to begin an argument that was bound to lead to a fight.

The clown would suggest a fight on these terms, "*When I say 'Begin,' begin. But when I say 'Leave off,' leave off.*"

Then, smacking the ringmaster hard in the face, he would shout, "*Begin, Leave off.*"

Hitler, knowing who is bound to win in the end, may well be trying to make such a fight of this war.—A. G. H., Naphill, High Wycombe.

What They Hoped

Apparently when we rebuild the City of London, we shall fashion it on different lines.

Well, in the time of Good Queen Bess, in 1580, Parliament decided to build a very different City of London.

It forbade new buildings "where no former hath been known to have been," to do away with "the trouble given by such multitudes collected together, dearth of victuals, multiplying of beggars, increase of artizans more than could live together, lack of air and of room to walk."

Shall we keep our word this time?—Fred French, Duston, Northants.

Just the Bunk!

What nonsense is this growing advocacy for reducing excess profits tax from 100 to 80 per cent.—"to provide an incentive."

Isn't winning the war a big enough incentive for manufacturers to do their best?

The man whose pay-increase isn't enough to meet the increased cost of living, or who has had no increase of any kind, isn't being bribed to help his country to beat Hitler.

Truly, some people have a strange idea of the meaning of the words "equality of sacrifice."—D. D. Robertson, North Parade, Belfast.

Lads Against Adolf

Lads of sixteen should be given a chance to do something to beat Hitler.

Since my Scout troop was disbanded through so many members being evacuated, I haven't been able to do a thing towards the national effort.

Although there are movements to enable young people to help, it is difficult to find the right opportunities.

Let us grow up with the memory of having helped.—Leslie Leahy, William Road, Hampstead Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1.

That's his Problem

It will cost £60 to repair the damage done to my car by a bomb that exploded outside my garage.

It is a car essential to my work of national importance, yet the Government has now offered me £34, which, so far as I can make out, is full settlement.

As the bomb that damaged my car wrecked my house, bringing my bank balance down to nil, I am wondering how officialdom expects me to pay a £60 repair bill with a £34 cheque.—A. S. James, Somewhere in London.

Her Only Friend

An invalid shut in the four walls of a bedroom, I have a canary to cheer my lonely hours.

His sweet song comes pouring into my room as soon as the first meal is brought to my bedside.

Now I learn that there is to be no birdseed for him in future.

Can any reader suggest anything that will spare for me the sweet song that is the comfort of my life?—W. S. Royston, Hill Crest, Manchester Road, Paddington, near Warrington.

Certain birds kept at zoos and public aviaries will get rations. Authorities might well include pets dear to invalids. Can any reader help?

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

More than a hundred readers have written indignant answers to the coal merchant who said in "Voice of the People" that consumers had only themselves to blame for having empty cellars and coal-sheds.

He said they should have ordered earlier, but 93 per cent. of his critics proved they had put in their orders during the summer.

As to the Government excuse that shortage of transport was responsible, fifteen people who have gone cold live opposite or near coal pits.

One woman, who was without coal for weeks, until she approached the local Fuel Overseer and got instant redress, had been refused by her merchant on the grounds that "she wouldn't want coal because her husband had gone into the Army!"

Most disillusioned reader is the newly married Newcastle-on-Tyne man. He shared his cellarful of coal with people who had no fuel (in the Newcastle area, remember), and was then refused extra supplies.

A BOOK FOR ENGINEER WORKERS

No book has achieved such success overnight as JOHN BULL'S *new presentation volume, "General Engineering Workshop Practice."*

This is the first book of its kind to be produced at a price everyone can afford. It contains 576 pages, 180,000 words, more than 600 detailed technical drawings and diagrams, more than 40 metric tables and useful data, and additional tables for specialised operations.

Turn to page 23 and post your application form to-day, before the strictly limited edition of this book is exhausted.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

HALIFAX COURIER AND GUARDIAN:—"Defendant said the TIGHTS were in his favour."

SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO:—"As the old year WEANED. . ."

BRADFORD TELEGRAPH:—". . . for possessing a FIREMAN without a certificate."

DERBY JOURNAL:—"In the children's WAR a heavily laden Christmas tree was erected."

NORTHAMPTON A.R.P. STANDARD:—"We will build our munition factories deep down in the BOWLS of the earth."

SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS:—"Such families want their full meat ration and more. Result—POST is scarce."

DAILY MAIL:—". . . the dropping of magnetic sea MILES by parachute."

BACUP TIMES:—"He used the bathroom for SAVING."

DONCASTER GAZETTE:—"An enjoyable PASTY was held."

HINCKLEY TIMES AND GUARDIAN:—"From nuts and wine-gums to pork PIPES and crackers."

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR:—"Met his death under MAGIC circumstances."

but

'FAMILY HEALTH' comes first!

Let your hunger wait just a little longer while you wash with Family Health Soap. That's vital to your health, because the dirt on your hands carries germs. But a scrub with Family Health before every meal, and its antiseptic lather will keep you safe.

First-Aid Tips from the Family Health Warden

OPEN WOUNDS *Protect from air with clean dressing, cover with cotton wool and bandage firmly. If presence of glass is suspected, bandage lightly.*

KM 70-812-65 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED — SOAPMAKERS SINCE 1810

5 point BOMBARDMENT —of whiskered chins! with the OLIVE OIL SHAVE

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

7½d 1/3d 1/10½d

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

7½d and 1/3 including Tax
Prices U.K. only

Cleans Best
No Mess
No Waste
Lasts Longest

W. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1 GB216a

What do I do...

if I leave my house or flat?

I try to get a near neighbour to keep a key, and my address.

I put a notice where it can be read saying where the keys of the house are.

I leave a bucket of water and sand or earth where they can be easily seen. I turn off gas and electricity at the main.

I leave the curtains and blinds of upper floor windows drawn back, so that fire inside can be seen from outside.

Cut this out—and keep it!

Issued by The Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

★ *Important to Engineering workers!*

FITTERS · DRILLERS
LATHE OPERATORS
GRINDERS WELDERS · SETTERS
JIG MAKERS · MILLERS · TOOL MAKERS
TURNERS · INSPECTORS · ETC., ETC.

TURN TO PAGE 23
for the BIG OPPORTUNITY "John Bull" offers to you — the book every engineering worker must have — "GENUINE ENGINEERING WORKSHOP PRACTICE"—entirely new.

A NEW METHOD

YOUR FALSE TEETH FIRM!

Without Powder Fixatives

One morning application gives all-day firmness. No need to seek privacy during day to renew fixative. Squeeze a little "Dentesive" (sold in tubes by Chemists) on upper and lower plates. It holds plates firm so that they can't wobble, drop or click, also seals edges and thus stops food getting underneath. You can eat and enjoy steedy lams, nutty sweets, etc. "Dentesive" prevents sore gums by forming a comfort cushion for your plate. Tasteless, odourless, harmless. Recommended by over 6,000 dentists. Prices 6d. and 1/- at Chemists, or if any difficulty from Dentesive Ltd., 10-15, Chitty Street, London, W.1. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

"That was four years ago . . . and he has never since lost his temper. But he will never forget the night that I made him take his own medicine . . ."

THE GREATEST OF THESE

William Treadwell, of Durham, a veteran of the last war, joined the Army again in 1939.

He has now been told that he is suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, and must enter a sanatorium for treatment. Meantime, he is anxious about his wife and two sons, aged 11 and 13, because he is likely to be in hospital for a long time.

JOHN BULL has already helped him to redeem his clothing and blankets from pawn.

Will you help his wife and children?

Donations should be addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration expenses; every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who send anonymously.

She Cured Him!

★ **HUMANIST this week describes how a wife cured her husband's violent temper by rather drastic methods, advises other wives to be careful about employing such terrifying tactics.**

"I ENDURED my husband's evil temper for eight years," says a correspondent. "And then I worked a miracle."

And I describe her "cure" not in the hope that wives generally will adopt such strong measures to prevent their husbands bullying them, but to show that a sudden change of tactics will often work wonders in a home.

"My husband was a terror," adds the woman.

"He would fly into a temper at the slightest provocation, and I feared his arrival home in the evenings.

"In the end I fell ill.

"I became so nervous that the doctor said, 'Why not give him a dose of his own medicine?'

"That night I put the children to bed early and told them not to worry if they heard me shouting.

"I was going to cure Daddy's temper.

"I shall never forget that night. Nor will he!

"He opened the door.

"He was in a surly mood.

"He threw his hat and gloves at me.

"Then I started. I flung them back at him. I flung everything else I could find.

"Before he could recover from his surprise, I swept the things off the table, threw his tea on the fire, and then picked up the poker and told him to do his worst.

"He did not speak. He stood there aghast.

"I went to bed."

"Next morning he came downstairs looking sheepish, ate his breakfast, and as he was about to leave the house I said, 'You can expect the same welcome to-night unless you come home in a good temper.'

He was Cured

"That was four years ago.

"He has never lost his temper again, and we are all as happy as can be.

"He does not like to be reminded of it now. He says that seeing me behave like that made him realise what he must have looked like.

"To some people my conduct will seem dreadful, but if a woman lets a man see that he can frighten everybody he will surely do it.

"It was the only way to stop my husband from wrecking our marriage."

The letter reminds me of two incidents from literature—*The Taming of the Shrew* and the violent action taken by Mrs Bumble in *Oliver Twist*.

Many women could not take this vigorous action even for a worthy cause.

There is also a danger that the man might stop his tantrums only to take refuge in sulking.

A Risky Practice

A middle-aged woman, who knits socks for soldiers, recently told me that she puts her name and address inside the gift. Sometimes she receives a letter of thanks from the recipient.

On making further enquiries I found that the practice is fairly common.

It seems a harmless thing to do, doesn't it?

Girls employed in factories occasionally slip their names and addresses in the uniforms they help to make.

It never occurs to them that they cause trouble.

The following letter from an airman's wife is not the only one of its kind that has reached me.

"When my husband received seven days' leave I arranged a supper party to welcome him," she says. "Everything went well until one of our friends asked to see how my husband's hat fitted when opened out.

As he opened the hat, out fell a tiny paper at my feet. I am enclosing it for you to see. It gives a girl's address.

"My husband denied all knowledge of her.

"After our friends had gone away I accused him of carrying on.

"I shall never forget the hurt look on his face. He swore he knew nothing of the girl.

"I find it difficult to believe that he would do such a thing. I know he loves me deeply. He has never missed writing three or four times every week since he enlisted.

"He never gave me the least cause for suspicion in his civilian days, but this wretched slip of paper keeps haunting me.

"He was so upset, and said I ought to say I was sorry for misjudging him. He was hurt because I had so little faith in him.

"So after two days and nights of sulking and crying I said I was sorry. But it had spoilt his leave.

"I can't believe that he has been untrue to me, yet I am worrying all the time."

In my opinion the husband is entirely innocent, and I am not surprised he was hurt by the accusation.

The wife still suspects the worst, even though the man was the victim of a trick that is common enough.

Even if the girl's note had been found in his wallet the wife ought not to have jumped to evil conclusions.

She ought to know her man's character better than that.

In a court of law the previous record of an accused man is always taken into consideration.

This man had an absolutely clean record.

The only fair thing to do is to make a full apology, and to do everything possible to make amends.

The girl lives about 400 miles from where the airman was stationed, yet when he received his leave he made a bee-line for home.

Doctor's Orders

A man of fifty-eight, a life-long abstainer, has recently had a nervous breakdown.

"My doctor has recommended me to have half a glass of stout daily until I have fully recovered," he says. "My teetotal friends are disgusted.

"They say I have let the cause of temperance down.

"Yet I am acting under doctor's orders."

There is no point in going to a doctor unless you are willing to carry out his instructions. And this quarter-pint of stout is obviously intended as a tonic.

It is hardly likely that a man of that age is in danger of becoming a drunkard.

It is possible to quote Scriptural texts in favour of abstinence, but we must be fair. There are texts on the other side.

It is not my intention to start a controversy about alcohol. I have heard all the arguments many times.

I even remember a famous Nonconformist preacher saying with considerable vehemence that it is possible to be drunk with pride and self-righteousness!

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, mentioning your name).

Worth While

WE'RE all finding it hard, but we know that it's worth the price, we know that the Peace ahead will reward every sacrifice, we know just what Life would be like if we faltered in our task, we know the Hell that presides behind the German Mask.

WE'RE all finding it hard, the way we have to live, while those comforts we'd fought so hard to get are running through War's Sieve, for so many of us had seen a chance to come into our own, now those chances lie like broken eggs in a nest whence Hope's bird has flown.

WE'RE all finding it hard, but it would be much harder still if our hopes, our lives, our heritage, were to be fed into Hell's Red Mill, the end would then be such as, please God, no man may guess, for with Coward's Coins men purchase a World of Dreadfulness.

WE'RE all finding it hard, but the hardness will not last, and by every sacrifice we make we're causing it to pass, by each hardship that we bear we're speeding on the day, when Time, from the Face of the World, will wipe Life's brave tears away.

WE'RE all finding it hard, restrictions bear us down, the sadness of War descends on countryside and town, but the Purpose of Faith throbs on, and in every heart its beat gains strength until its Master Pulse the World's ills will Defeat.

J. M.

Trots about like a two-year-old since

Fynnon Salt

got rid of her

Rheumatic Acids

You may smile at the above head-line—but if you know what it is to suffer from rheumatism you will realise how wonderful it is to get rid of the pain and find your limbs free again. Mrs. A. E. M.'s experience is worth reading:

"I suffered great pain with sciatica and I tried everything but had no relief. I met a London Hospital Sister and while chatting to her I mentioned my sciatica. She said 'Try Fynnon Salt.' After four tins of Fynnon I had much relief and could trot about like a two-year-old."

If you let rheumatic acids accumulate in your muscles and joints you invite rheumatic pain and stiffness. So don't trifle with the mildest symptom—take FYNNON Salt to clear those rheumatic acids from your system. You need Fynnon because you need the salts of Lithium, Potassium and Sodium in Fynnon, which are known to search out rheumatic acids and destroy them. Large tin of Fynnon Salt 1/5. Trial size 7d. (inclusive of Purchase Tax).

Fynnon Salt

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Road, Brentford, Middx.

PACKAGE FREE

BAD NERVES CAUSE WEAK HEARTS.

If you have any indications of Nerve Pains such as Palpitation, Tobacco Heart, Shortness of Breath, Dizziness, Fainting, Fullness in the Throat, Anaemia, Pains around the Heart or under the left shoulder, allow us to send you a Free supply of "Oxien" Brand TABLETS and testimonials from people who have been cured.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., LTD. (Dept. 222 W.A.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

OXIEN TABLETS

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/5 and 3/5.

THIS YEAR WE CLIMB TO VICTORY

YOU CAN HELP your country and yourself at the same time if you do YOUR BEST, but you are not doing your best if you waste time. By becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself.

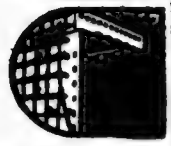
The more you increase your earning power the better it is for the country and for yourself personally.

War or no war, earning power always brings its possessor to the front. It is no use waiting for better times. The ideal opportunity never arrives. We have to make the best of existing conditions. Therefore, delay is useless; it is worse, it is harmful.

TO ACHIEVE VICTORY we must be efficient—to be efficient we must be trained. If it is your desire to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, write to us for free particulars on any subject which interests you, or, if your career is undecided, write and tell us of your likes and dislikes, and we will give you practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it. You will be under no obligation whatever. It is our pleasure to help. We never take students for courses unless we feel satisfied they are suitable. Do not forget that success is not the prerogative of the brilliant. Our experience of over thirty years proves that the will to succeed achieves more than outstanding brilliancy.

EARNING POWER IS A SOUND INVESTMENT

DO ANY OF THESE SUBJECTS INTEREST YOU?



Accountancy Examinations
Advertising and Sales Management
Agriculture
A.M.I. Fire E. Examination
Applied Mechanics
Army Certificates
Auctioneers and Estate Agents
Aviation Engineering
Aviation Wireless
Banking
Blue Prints
Boilers
Book-keeping, Accountancy and Modern Business Methods
B.Sc. (Eng.)
Building, Architecture and Clerk of Works
Builders' Quantities
Cambridge Senior School Certificate
Civil Engineering
Civil Service
All Commercial Subjects
Commercial Art
Common Prelim. E.J.E.B.
Concrete and Structural Engineering
Draughtsmanship. All branches
Engineering. All branches, subjects and examinations
General Education
G.P.O. Eng. Dept.
Heating and Ventilating
Industrial Chemistry
Institute of Housing
Insurance
Journalism
Languages
Mathematics
Matriculation
Metallurgy
Mining. All subjects
Mining. Electrical Engineering
Motor Engineering
Motor Trade
Municipal and County Engineers
Naval Architecture
Novel Writing
Pattern Making
Play Writing
Police Special Course
Preceptors, College of
Press Tool Work
Production Engineering
Pumps and Pumping Machinery
Radio Communication
Radio Service Engineering
Road Making and Maintenance
Salesmanship, I.S.M.A.
Sanitation
School Attendance Officer
Secretarial Exams.
Sheet Metal Work
Shipbuilding
Shorthand (Pitman's)
Short Story Writing
Speaking in Public
Structural Engineering
Surveying
Teachers of Handicrafts
Telephony and Telegraphy
Television
Transport Inst. Exams.
Viewers, Gaugers, Inspectors
Weights and Measures Inspector
Welding
Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony
Works Manager

If you do not see your own requirements above, write to us on any subject. Full particulars free.

COMMERCIAL ART

There are hundreds of openings in connection with Humorous Papers, Advertisement Drawing, Posters, Calendars, Catalogues, Textile Designs, Book illustrations, etc. 60 per cent. of Commercial Art Work is done by "Free Lance Artists," who do their work at home and sell it to the highest bidders. Many Commercial Artists draw "retaining fees" from various sources, others prefer to work full-time employment or partnership arrangement. Let us send full particulars for a FREE TRIAL and details of our course for your inspection. You will be under no obligation whatever.

Department of Art No. 31.

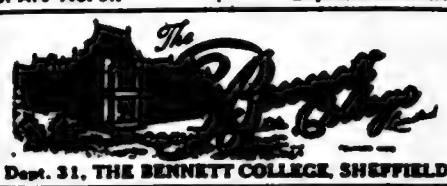
JOURNALISM

Short Story, Novel and Play Writing

There is money and pleasure in Journalism and in Story Writing. No apprenticeship, no pupilage, no examination, no outfit necessary. Writing for newspapers, novels, or pictures is not a gift, it is a science that can be acquired by diligent application and proper guidance. It is the most fascinating way of making pastime profitable. Trained ability only is required, we do the training by post. Let us tell you all about it.

Department of Literature No. 31.

STUDY AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME



Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD

EVERY DEPARTMENT IS A COMPLETE COLLEGE; EVERY STUDENT IS A CLASS TO HIMSELF.

IF YOU ATTEND TO THIS NOW IT MAY MAKE A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE TO YOUR FUTURE

COUPON—CUT THIS OUT

To Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE Ltd., SHEFFIELD

Please send me (free of charge) Particulars of..... Your private advice about } (Cross out line which does not apply)

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....

Address .....

Fennings'
OINTMENT
HEALS!
from the first application & its antiseptic qualities are beyond question.
1/3 A TIN PLUS TAX.
You are safe with Fennings

From ALL Chemists—or write **ALFRED FENNINGS, Cowes, Isle of Wight . . . for free copy of "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR"**

TO AVOID FLATULENCE AND PAIN AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery? 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day. They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute gastric attacks, 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them to-day! Neat flat boxes for the pocket. Also family sizes. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

EACH ROW YOU SOW—IS A STEP TO VICTORY!

"L" Write in block letters.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

1d. stamp if enclosed in unsealed envelope.

BEES LTD., 175L, Mill Street, Liverpool.

FREE POST NOW!

A. W. HELLIWELL, continuing his new series of boxing pen-portraits "MEET THE CHAMPIONS" turns the spotlight on to ERIC BOON, modest, fair-haired, hard-hitter, who sold ice-cream and worked in his father's forge before hitting the headlines with his famed, sledge-hammer punch

CHAMPION'S £5 A WEEK

IT was, I suppose, an unfortunate coincidence that the very day I chose to visit Eric Boon to ask him how it felt to be British lightweight champion at nineteen, the new sporting rifle he had ordered should arrive from the gunsmith's.

There it was, just unwrapped, elegant and gleaming, an object irresistibly fascinating to the heart of a nineteen-year-old-boy; and as for me—why, I might as well have been in China!

Carefully Boon rubbed the rifle against the sleeve of his brick-red windchester to give it an extra polish.

Then he tucked the butt into one chunky shoulder and squinted down the shining black barrel.

The world title that was being talked of, his coming trip to the States, fame and fortune and all the glittering future that his hammer fists had opened up for him—all were forgotten as he handled the gun.

Married last year to 19-year-old musical comedy star Wendy Elliott, 21-year-old boxer Boon is now in the R.A.F.

Pleased With It

"It's a smasher, isn't it?" he said with boyish enthusiasm. His blue eyes under the jutting fighter's brow were bright with excitement.

At last reluctantly he set it aside and gave me his attention, although even then his gaze continually strayed towards the corner in which the new gun leaned.

We were in the gymnasium at his Ely training quarters and he moved around taking leisurely, half-embarrassed swings at the maize-filled punch-bag hanging from a beam while we talked.

This was about three months after he had knocked out dapper little Dave Crowley at Harringay Arena for the lightweight title.

I had not seen him since that memorable evening when, with his left eye closed in a sightless slit, he had danced triumphantly to his corner as unhappy Crowley, still dazed by the terrific right hook that had finished the fight, was carried back to his stool.

"How does it feel to be a champion?" said Boon slowly, digging at the swinging bag. "Oh, I don't know. I don't think much about it."

This was true enough.

Fame, descending so suddenly upon this stocky, fair-haired, tough-looking youngster, who not so long before had worked in his father's Fenland forge and as an ice-cream salesman in the streets of Chatteris, his friendly little home town, had left him unchanged.

Scorns the Limelight

The limelight in which, he could, had he wished, have paraded held no attraction for him.

Nor does it now.

In Chatteris they don't think of him as British lightweight champion, or as a young man who has taken his place among the world's celebrities.

They remember him running around the streets in short trousers, and they still call him "son."

Boon came into the professional ring by the same road as many another champion—schoolboy competitions.

"I think I must have begun swinging my fists in my cradle," he once told me. "Anyway, mother has told me that at five I was a holy terror among the other kids in the neighbourhood."

He showed me a picture of himself taken at the age of twelve, posed in boxing kit and looking very grim and determined beside an impressive array of cups and medals. I counted twelve trophies in the photograph—not a bad collection for a schoolboy—but Eric told me that he was far more proud of the fact that he had knocked out the school bully—a boy twice his size—with one punch.

Countless Knockouts

Since then Boon has had hundreds of fights, and he has lost count of the total of his kayo wins. Most of his professional bouts have ended that way, for his ring style is vigorous and forthright.

He makes no pretence to the possession of any particular boxing skill, banking all on the destructive powers of the mighty punch he carries in either hand.

"I have never had a boxing lesson in my life," he says. "I've never been taught the orthodox rules. Right from the start I've always been a natural fighter with no copybook maxims to cramp my style."

When you see Boon work out you realise how true this is.

It is almost impossible for him to pull his punches.

If his trainer should order him to box a light round the champion shuffles unhappily round the ring holding his eager fists in check with obvious difficulty.

It is rather like asking a Derby winner to pull a funeral hearse. He simply doesn't know how.

It is because of his big punch that Boon bouts have a habit of ending spectacularly.

He chooses the shortest route to victory, weaving in with both gloves throwing dynamite, slugging home solid lefts and rights that connect with the sound of a stick striking a wet sack.

I remember the first time I saw him fight.

It was at Harringay Arena on the night Len Harvey out-pointed Jock McAvoy in 1938.

Boon was matched with Johnny Ward, of Ireland, and less than five minutes after he had ducked under the ropes he was on his way out again while Ward was still being slapped and patted out of his Boon-induced coma by his anxious seconds!

Eight months later in the same ring Boon took the title from Crowley.

In less than a year he leapt from the £5 and £10 a fight class to being the highest-paid lightweight ever to fight in this country.

Boon established that record when he collected £3,000 for defending his championship against slim, dark-haired Arthur Danahar.

It was on a Thursday night that he earned this small fortune. Two days later, on the Saturday, he drew his "wages"—five one-pound notes—from big Jack Solomons, his manager.

He drew the same amount every Saturday, never a penny more.

Before he knocked out Dave Crowley, Boon got £3 10s. a week.

He earned a thirty-bob rise by winning the championship!

The rest of his huge earnings were banked and invested for him.

There was sound common-sense behind this idea of Solomons of paying his protégé a modest weekly wage.

It kept him sane and unspoiled, when with a thousand or two burning a hole in his pocket he might have run wild.

A Few Shillings!

Sometimes Boon would find himself a few shillings in debt at the end of the week.

"I could do with another ten bob, Jack," he would suggest. "I owe it to someone."

"Too bad," his manager would grin, counting out five notes and no more. "You'd better pay them back out of this."

Even when the champion wanted £100 to give his father to enlarge and improve the little forge in which he had once swung a hammer, Jack Solomons refused to let him draw it from his savings. He lent him the money out of his own pocket and arranged for Boon to pay back out of his next purse.

It was in 1935 when Eric had his first fight at the Devonshire Club that he first attracted the attention of Solomons and Mike Milligan.

Shrewd hands at spotting pugilistic talent, and much impressed by the hefty punching of this newcomer from the Fens, they booked him for a second Sunday afternoon show.

Cycled 72 Miles

Boon did not tell them that he could not afford the train fare.

He left his home in Chatteris at seven o'clock in the morning, cycled seventy-two miles to London, left his old bicycle leaning against the wall outside the club and went in to fight.

That night, weary and bruised, but completely happy, he pedalled the seventy-two miles back home. He had won again. In those days he was billed as Boy Boon. Later, as he grew older, he changed the Boy to Roy, but now he fights as Eric.

The boy from Chatteris upset the odds when he took the title from Crowley in December, 1938.

Boon had built his reputation on his big punch, and it was thought that little Davie, flashy master of every art and craft of his trade, would be too clever and experienced for him.

Crowley, spruce and smiling, ducked under the ropes as perkily self-assured as ever.

There was a broad grin on his swarthy face as he danced out to meet his challenger Boon, his murderous right held in readiness in case there should be an opening, was grave and grimly intent on the job before him.

But it was the saucily grinning, light-hearted Londoner who set the pace of the fight, and for round after round he gave young Eric a lesson in ring tactics and strategy.

People who had never seen Boon fight before were disappointed. They looked in vain for his terrible punch and the tear-away methods that had won him the right to challenge the champion.

Out of His Stride

The truth was, of course, that Crowley's smothering and fiddling took Boon out of his stride. And at the end of twelve rounds Crowley was so far ahead on points that the result seemed certain.

Then, in the thirteenth, the fortunes of the fight took a sudden and dramatic change.

Boon was tiring fast, but he suddenly flashed a left and right in quick succession to the champion's head. Crowley rocked back on his heels, but came forward again with the intention of tying Boon up in a clinch.

But this time Boon would not be denied. Before Crowley could smother his blows he repeated that fast one-two punch, and the champion, dismay plain upon his features, dropped for a count of eight.

He got up and moved away cautiously with his gloves guarding his body It was a fatal move. Boon, his weariness forgotten, his eyes ablaze, flashed another terrific right flush to Crowley's chin—and with that punch he became lightweight champion of Britain.

The Last Laugh

S L. (Kettering).—"I am always playing practical jokes on people, and my trouble is that I don't know where to stop." In Kettering, we suggest.

ENGINEER (Oxford).—"What can I do to demonstrate to you that man has now complete control over the air?" Stop the draught in our office

K. H. (Mortimer).—"My wife and I get along splendidly together although we have many differences." You don't tell her about them?

J. T. (Hereford).—"My little son found a feather in his bed and he was terribly frightened because of it." Did he think that he'd got chicken-pox?

T. M. (Mitcham).—"Which is your preference for—the modern 'talkie' or the old film of the silent days?" The old "silent," definitely. In them you could see women opening their mouths and you didn't hear them.

A. T. (Chobham).—"My concert was a great success. My voice filled the hall." The audience made room for it?

OBSERVER (East Coast).—"My pilot was furious because I criticised his take-off." In other words, he flew in a rage.

MRS. J. (Market Rasen).—"You wouldn't believe the number of socks I have to darn in a week." Then don't trouble to tell us.

S. T (Maidenhead).—"I've been a buffet steward on an express for fifteen years, but, believe me, it gets you nowhere." Then we'd rather choose a train that did.

J. T. (Uxbridge).—"I made an air-raid shelter single-handed, but the first night I went down I found it half-full of water. What can I do?" Build yourself a punt and get hold of some cushions.

B. V. (Hethersett).—"It is nonsense for Hitler to say that he is going to make a new world after the war." But he will probably make *for* a new world.

P. Y. (Fazakerley).—"You can say what you like about my photograph." But there's nothing we do like about it.

RECRUIT (Aldershot). — "I've written to my wife to tell her that Army life is making a new man of me." It's going to be a bit awkward if she doesn't recognise you when you get your first leave.

DORIS (Bedford).—"I'm engaged to an ambitious young chemist, but he seems to be too absorbed in his work to take much notice of me." He keeps his emotions bottled up, too?

F. F. (Exeter).—"Now that spring is here, my house wants painting, my garden sheds want painting, and the front gate wants painting." We need a new coat, too.

N. P. (Yeovil).—"After working twenty-four hours on my dug-out, I packed up in desperation." Well, you were entitled to call it a day.

T. M. (Sudbury).—"I used to think my wife a lovely armful." And now you find her a handful.

CLARENCE (Hove).—"I can't make up my mind whether to join the Army or Navy." Why not include the R.A.F. and keep them all in suspense?

P. D. (Hastings).—"I never believe anglers' stories, because they always tell lies about the fish they catch." You mean about the fish they don't catch!

N. W. (Kensington).—"Before the war, I used to be surrounded by a staff of pretty typists." And now you are just carrying on with one?

D. L. (Taunton).—"There is one thing you'll always find about a house when spring cleaning is in full swing." Yes, but it's seldom the thing you are looking for.

F. L. (Crewe).—"The war has hardened women. One seldom sees tears come into their eyes nowadays." Still, onions may be more plentiful this summer.

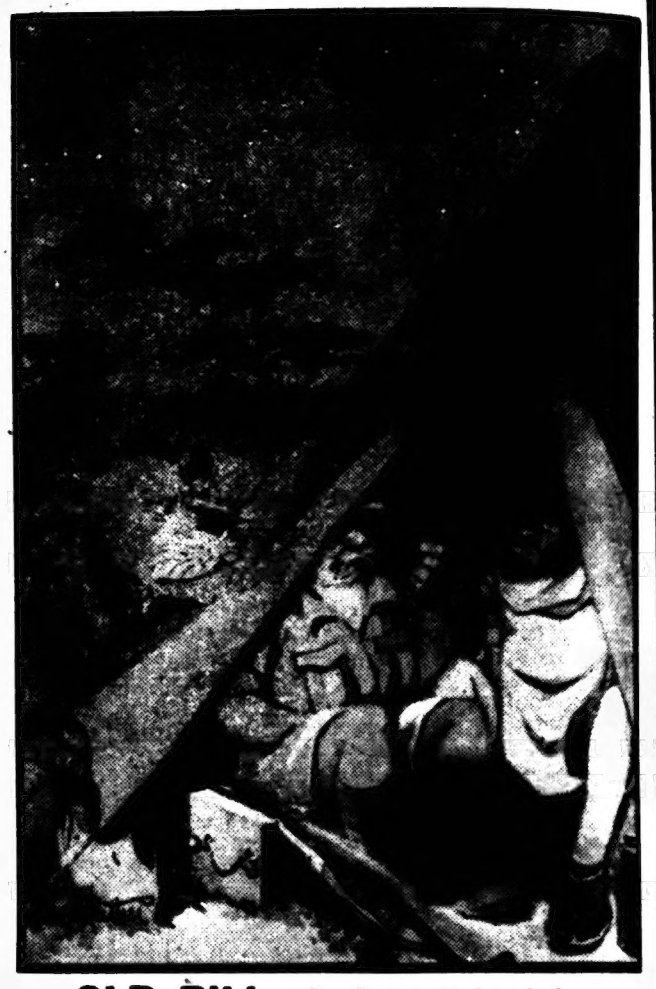
S. S. (Aberdare).—"My friend's wife was asked to resign from the nudist colony because of her general ill-health." Ah, she had a coat on her tongue?

MISS J. (Crowhurst).—"My boy friend said something to me nobody else would ever dream of saying." He asked you to marry him?

J. G. (Birkenhead). — "My friend's watch was always slow. Now he has bought a new one and carries that with him as well." To check exactly how slow the other one is?

C. G. (Cattistock).—"What is the most useful food of which we can partake?" We should say chicken—you can eat it before it is born and after it's dead.

(Side-Slips: *See page 17*)



OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Was there ever a real 'Lion of Judah,' Ras Maskara? Or is it only a sorta title as it were?"

BACKACHE

Often due to harmful impurities left in the blood by sluggish kidneys

HEALTH slips away when the action of the kidneys slackens. Harmful acids and wastes retained in the blood cause sharp or nagging pains in the back, urinary disorders, bladder weakness or rheumatic pains, You may suffer persistent headaches, attacks of giddiness, getting up at night, stiff inflamed muscles and joints, puffiness under the eyes. You probably feel weak, nervous, all played out.

Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. The diuretics, antiseptics and stimulants in this special kidney medicine will strengthen and invigorate the kidneys, enabling them to rid the system of the harmful impurities which are causing your pain and discomfort.

Ask for DOANS, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (Incl. tax)

ASTHMA! Have YOU tried this? RELIEF IN HALF A MINUTE

After years of suffering, you may feel that to get relief from the worst coughing spasm in 30 seconds is just too good to be true; yet that has been the joyful experience of thousands of one-time martyrs to Asthma who have turned to Do-Do, to obtain instant relief and lasting benefit beyond their most extravagant hopes. Do-Do (brand) Asthma Tablets often succeed where all else has failed, because they provide a combination of mucous-dissolving and other soothing and healing medicaments found in no other single asthma remedy, at any price. So potent are Do-Do tablets that one is an effective dose, cutting short an attack and preventing any recurrence for 24 hours, or even longer. Do-Do Asthma Tablets are still readily obtainable from Qualified Chemists everywhere, at 1s. (7 Full Doses), 3s. (over 4 times the 1s. size) and 10s. 6d. (17 times the 1s. size). *With Purchase Tax the prices are 1s. 1½d., 3s. 4½d., and 11s. 10d. respectively.*

Do-Do (Regd.) **ASTHMA TABLETS**

ONE IS A FULL DOSE

BECOME A DRAUGHTSMAN OR AERO INSPECTOR.

Men and youths wanted as draughtsmen, inspectors, Viewers, Rate Fixers, etc., in **Aeronautical Structural, Electrical, Mechanical,** and other Branches of **Engineering.** Practical experience is unnecessary for those who are willing to learn—**our Guaranteed "Home Study" courses will get you in.** The FREE 1941 Guide contains 124 pages of information of the greatest importance to those seeking entry or advancement in Engineering. It gives full details of salaries, openings and prospects in **Draughtsmanship, Inspection,** opportunities in all other Branches of **Engineering and Municipal Work** together with particulars of our special rapid courses for A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.F.R.Ae.S., A.M.I.P.E., B.Sc., Matric, etc.

Write now for your copy of this remarkable publication. It may well prove to be the turning point in your career.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING

(Dept. 362), 148, HOLBORN, LONDON. E.C.1.

(*S. Africa Branch: E.C.S.A., P.O. Box 8417, Jo'burg*).

Never Neglect INDIGESTION

Put an end to Indigestion immediately it arises and prevent the danger of dreaded gastritis, inflammation and stomach ulcer. **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** speedily neutralises acid, soothes pain, cleanses the system, protects delicate membranes and *assists* a return to healthy digestion. Get a 1/5 bottle *to-day*. If not completely satisfied with RESULTS return empty carton to Macleans Ltd., Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity of getting lasting Stomach Relief.

Only genuine if this signature appears on bottle, carton or tin. *Alex. C. Maclean*

From all Chemists. In bottles 1/5, 2/3, 5/7½

Also in Tablet Form in Handy Pocket Tins, 7d.

Including Purchase Tax

SEND THIS COUPON TO DAY FOR FREE BOOK ABOUT RUPTURE

To the

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.,
(540G), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(540G), Hilton Chambers, Hilton St., Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book showing **Pease-Time Prices** and full information about your Appliance for Rupture, also your **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Get Rid of PILES

If troubled with piles (blind, bleeding or protruding) be sure and cure them with Zam-Buk. This world-famed treatment has brought lasting relief to thousands. It soothes and heals weakened membranes, allays inflammation and swelling and ends the persistent irritation.

Besides Zam-Buk Ointment for external use, you can now obtain **Zam-Buk Suppositories** (Zam-Buk in solid form) for inward piles. Hygienic and easy to insert, they soothe and cure while you sleep. (1/5 *for box of ten.*)

Zam-Buk SUPPOSITORIES

Why be DEAF?

INTRODUCING THE NEW **INVISAID**

The New self-adjusting auricle

NO BATTERIES—NO WIRES—NO UPKEEP

THIS WEEK 20/- Single 35/- Pair Instead of £4 4 0

The Greatest small Deaf-Aid yet designed. Can be worn *out of sight* behind the ear. No headband. Clear natural tone. Sells at the phenomenally low price of 25/- for a pair and 20/- for a single. The greatest bargain ever. SEND NO MONEY.

FREE 30 Days' Free Home Trial

D. & J. HILL, LTD., Dept. J.B.6, 245, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.

CASH for EASTER

FINE Bullets CHEQUES and FINAL EASTER FEASTS—ONE WEEK ONLY!

PRIZES VALUE £250

£100 plus EASTER DUCKLING

£20 plus EASTER DUCKLING

80/- 40/-

38/- 34/-

25 of 10/-

1000 New Merit Awards

All Ducklings despatched in good time for Easter Sunday April 13.

PLUMP DUCKLINGS WITH ALL CASH PRIZES THIS WEEK

LAST DAY TO POST—MONDAY MARCH 24

WIN THE FINEST EASTER DINNER YOU CAN GET

£200 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,265!

W. J. White, 77, Battsford Road, Clarton, S.E.
Example: WEARER OF SPECTACLES
Bullet: SAT opposite? NOT "OPPOSITE"!

£50 Second Prize: W. H. Pickard, 165, Upperton Road, Leicester.
Example: In The Modern Army
Bullet: "—Get To Heaven, Orig."

£10 Third Prize: F. Perkins, 27, Queens Road, Knowle, Bristol.
Example: In Britannia's Garden
Bullet: Empty "Skin" Beside Shadows.

100s.: W. H. Durmer, 15, Beechcroft Fields, Lichfield, Staffs.
Round At The Pub—"Drink"; "Guess" Disguised Here.

80s.: E. Norfolk, 46, St. Barnabas Road, Cambridge.
Power Of Democracy—"Nation Stands! Dictators Fall!"

60s.: R. G. Patterson, 995, Hunts Cross Avenue, Woolton, Liverpool.
Made The First Jump—Sorry—First "Jumper." Tch.

40s.: A. W. Creighton, 9, Whitby Mount, Beauchief, Sheffield.
Hitler's Time-table—Arranged To Precede "Quotation."

30s.: A. C. Haynes, "Holly Mount," Pilleydey, Wilts.
Man In The Factory—Majority Support—Ships Entered.

20s.: W. W. Beresford, 27, Kennington Road, Camberwell, S.E.
(Entered on Prize Coupon)
In Britannia's Garden—Spectator's "Plant" Clearing "Path."

27s.: J. T. Somerton, 4, Longcroft Road, Clevedon, Som.
Trust The Workers And—Almost, Tch—Loose Four.

28s.: Mrs. Armstrong, 7, Portland Street, Workington.
Wealth Of Information—From Monkey Of Fame!

26s.: Miss F. Briscoe, Beasley, Dursley, Salop.
In Britannia's Garden—Or "Spectator" Unlucky Start.

34s.: L. M. Mont-Ilar, 32, Elgin Crescent, London, W.
Aunts Mount Well, But—Wedding Present, Cheese Mint.

23s.: Mrs. Morrison, 27, Corn Market, Retford.
Domestic "Jobs"—"Pragmatic" Shunned The Neighbours.

28s.: G. Herritt, 180, Warrender Lane, Mackay, Derbys.
In The Modern Army—Soldiers Stick, Sitting Cups!

31s.: Pte. F. G. Clark, 7975826, 42, Lower King's Avenue, Exeter.
Aunts Mount Well, But—Finishing Almost Filled Sphinx!

A List of 3 Winners of 50s. and 25 Winners of 10s. can be seen at these offices. The 20 Bonus Awards value £5 and 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

HOW TO WIN! Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* and you've made a *Bullet!* But improve and polish that *Bullet* as much as you can, for those few words may well win you a plump Duckling for your Easter dinner or—better still—a £100 cheque.

Before you begin, read through the latest prize-winning *Bullets* on left, then start right away on the *Examples*—and make *this* week's £100 cheque YOURS!

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO FINISH THE WAR
WORLD'S CHAMPION
HITTING THERE HARD
DAD'S BUSINESS
NOT BIG ENOUGH
AT EVERY TURN
THE SUPREME TEST
DELIVER THE GOODS AND
ASKING FOR MORE
MEAT
"ALL CLEAR!"
WITH A LIGHT HEART
GONGADLY
AUNTIE'S A FIRE WATCHER, SO
TOO HOT
YOUR MONEY
KEPT A SECRET
SALVAGE
ANOTHER VICTORY
WE WAIT AND WAIT, BUT

The "Examples" below are fair stimulators with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Stamped..... | In The Coming....
Right To..... | Petrol Fed.....
The ..... Touch | Loaded With .....

ENTRY-FEE: Use P.O. or Stamps—6d. for each 2 BULLETS. Pay for 4, get 2 FREE. EXTRA 3 BULLETS on plain paper—6d. ONLY.

ADDRESS "Bullets" No. 1,265, "John Bull," ENTRY: Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EX.
B.
EX.
B.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. Value..... No.....

1,265 NEW Closing Postmark, MON., MAR. 24.

Signed .....

Address .....

LAST 2 EFFORTS FREE WITH 4 PAID, THUS GIVING 6 SHOTS FOR 1s.
EXTRA 3 EFFORTS ON PLAIN PAPER—6d. ONLY.

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of "Bullets" BULLETIN

Don't Miss Your Bulletin. ADDRESS adjoining label carefully to yourself, affix 1d. stamp to space provided and thus make sure of your Bulletin containing hints to help you win. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your 2,000-Word Guide to success.

CLEAR BLOCK LETTERS.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

STAMPS may be used as ENTRY-FEE—stick them to this form and enclose with your *Bullets* Entry.

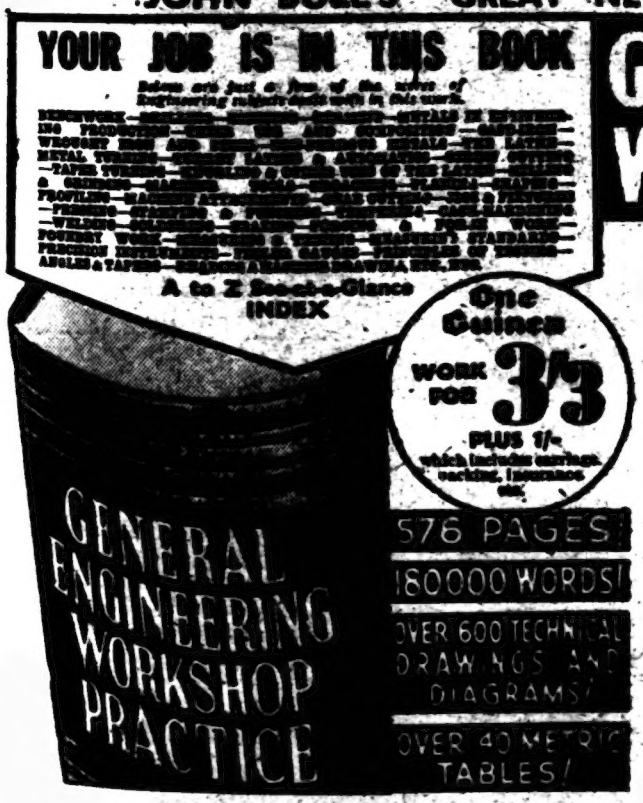
AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH "BULLET" ENTERED.

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated. Original must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Coupon on right—but entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT NEW PRESENTATION TO EVERY ONE OF ITS READERS


YOUR JOB IS IN THIS BOOK
A to Z Search-a-Glance INDEX
One Guinea WORK FOR 3/3 PLUS 1/- which includes carriage, packing, insurance etc.
GENERAL ENGINEERING WORKSHOP PRACTICE
576 PAGES
180000 WORDS!
OVER 600 TECHNICAL DRAWINGS AND DIAGRAMS!
OVER 40 METRIC TABLES!

GENERAL ENGINEERING WORKSHOP PRACTICE

Hurry!

IF you have not already applied for JOHN BULL'S Great New Presentation —GENERAL ENGINEERING WORKSHOP PRACTICE, you must HURRY! The demand for this book has been phenomenal and all orders must be dealt with in strict rotation. This book, the first of its kind to be produced at a price everyone can afford, covers in detail the how-what-why-and-when of every job in engineering. Look at these figures—576 pages! 180,000 words! Over 600 technical drawings and diagrams! Over 40 metric tables! Scores of tables for specialised operations! Whatever your job is, you'll find it in this book—Fitters, Drillers, Lathe Operators, Grinders, Welders, Toolmakers, Inspectors, Setters, Testers, Jig-makers, Millers, etc., etc. You would consider this book well worth every penny of One Guinea. "John Bull" makes it available at an amazingly low privilege price. You send no money now for this work, but you must apply immediately on the Order Label on the right.

Whether you are a man of experience, a trainee or apprentice, this great new work—now on the press—is a book you will want to keep by you on the job. It is as important to you as your micrometer. With the aid of this work you will become a greater master of your job—the step that leads to promotion and increase of pay.

Look in the panel on the left at just a few of the subjects covered.

One of the most important features of this work are the over 40 Metric Tables compiled to assist every man in his work. Where necessary, simple explanations are given for making the tables and formulæ for the conversion of one scale or value to another.

These valuable Tables include:—The Metric System—Equivalents of Square Inches in Square C.M., of Cubic C.M. in Cubic Inches—Decimal Equivalents of Fractions of an Inch—Sines and Tangents—Speed Tapes—Speed Tangents—Logarithms—Squares, Cubes, Square Roots and Cube Roots—Properties of some Metallic Elements.

Actual size of the volume is 9½ in. deep by 7½ in. wide. The volume is bound in Blue Buckram with title embossed on the spine in gold.

For this amazing book all you need, after you receive your invoice, is only 3s. 3d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW

Fill in Order Label on right. Affix penny stamp in space provided for your Special Privilege Invoice and printed matter, and post at once in an unsealed envelope, bearing a penny stamp, to:

ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 'Engineering Practice,'
Book Dept. J.V.2, King's Langley, Herts.

On receipt of Order Label, you will be sent an invoice by which you secure your book on the special privilege terms. You then send back this invoice, together with your remittance, and your volume will be dispatched carriage paid to your home. Post the Form on right at once.

POST FORM NOW!

"ENGINEERING WORKSHOP PRACTICE"

A PENNY STAMP MUST be affixed here by you. Write in BLOCK LETTERS

NAME

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

Applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.V.2 15.3.41

FOOD FACTS

Number 31

MB

Every night our stout-hearted lorry drivers are risking their lives to bring you food. They don't let you down—so don't let them down by wasting food.

WHAT do you put in your "carried meal"? Here are a few suggestions for things that are possibly tastier and more digestible than those you make now. These are cheap and hardly any trouble to prepare. Have them at home too, sometimes; they always make a good meal.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

Savoury Splits

These are delicious, filling things to have during a day's hard work or a night watch.

Sift 6 ozs. plain flour with 2 level teaspoonfuls baking powder and ½ teaspoonful salt. Mix thoroughly with 4 ozs. sieved cooked potato (sieved, if possible, when still hot). Rub in 1 oz. fat and blend to a soft dough with 4 tablespoonfuls milk. Roll out to ¼" thickness on a well-floured board and cut into rounds. Glaze the tops with a little milk. Bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes. When cold, split the scones and fill with one of these mixtures.

1. Finely diced cooked vegetables bound with a little white sauce.
2. Finely diced cooked beetroots bound with horseradish or some other sharp sauce.
3. Mixed vegetable curry.
4. Shredded raw cabbage heart well mixed with mayonnaise and chopped parsley.

Sweet Splits

If you like something in the sweet line, make your splits as above, but for the filling mix some cocoa and sugar (or honey) to a cream with milk. Then work into it a little creamed margarine.

Piccaninnies

These are grand energy-givers, and are good to take to work if you are able to heat food there. All you do is to scrub a large potato and bake it in its jacket till soft. Cut in half lengthwise, scoop out the middle and mix with any of these fillings.

1. Equal quantities of cooked shredded cabbage, diced carrot and turnip, bound with white sauce and flavoured with a dash of piquant sauce.
2. Roughly chopped kipper bound with mustard sauce.
3. Shredded winter greens cooked in a very little water with some shreds of bacon, flavoured with salt, pepper and mustard, and bound with enough flour to thicken.

Pile up whichever mixture you choose in one half of the potato jacket, put the other half on top, and press together. Replace in the oven to heat through.

For the Youngsters

Give your child a raw carrot every day. It's a grand thing for toddlers — and for children of all ages, too. It clears the complexion, and helps to build strong teeth and bones.

Remember to listen to the useful hints and recipes on the wireless at 8.15 every morning.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

MY FRIEND THE COOK HERE *Swears By Them!*

'I CAN TESTIFY TO THE WONDERFUL RESULTS OF YEAST-VITE!'

Brand Tonic

Eastry, January 21, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

I can testify to the wonderful results of Yeast-Vite tablets after an attack of Gastric 'Flu, from which I am just recuperating very slowly. My friend the cook here takes your tablets regularly, and he swears by them, so on his recommendation I gave them a trial, with marvellous results. I can sleep well, eat well, and am full of vigour and vitality. I shall continue to take them regularly.

I recommend them to sufferers from any complaint. My photo is unposed; you have my permission to use it if so desired.

Wishing your Yeast-Vite tablets success.

Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) H. R.

YEAST-VITE SOON PUTS ME RIGHT

LINCOLN,

January 16, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write and tell you of the great benefit I have received through taking your tablets. After an operation I have suffered from nerves for years, and have often been under treatment for weeks together. Whenever I feel below par I always take a course of Yeast-Vite, which soon puts me right, and am never without them in the house.

I am only too pleased to recommend them to anyone. I do voluntary work at our local Y.W.C.A. and have given some of these to the other ladies. One of them who is now ill is taking a course, and I can already see an improvement in her.

Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) G. C.

'A Vastly Different Man Altogether'

DERBY, January 29, 1941.

Dear Sirs,—I feel it a duty in the interest of others, who may be suffering as I have in the past, to write these lines.

For months I have been suffering from nerves; nothing seemed to go right, and the least thing irritated me, which made it very uncomfortable for every one around me.

I had tried several remedies, but, alas, none was any good, having no effect whatsoever.

I had often read your advertisements for Yeast-Vite Tablets, but thought, like many others do, that they would be like the rest. But last Wednesday I decided, under your guarantee of money returned, to give Yeast-Vite a trial, so bought a 1s. 5d. bottle, which I have taken, two in the morning and two in the evening, and have derived so much benefit that I have today bought my second bottle of Yeast-Vite, as I feel a vastly different man altogether. I sleep and eat much better, and above all can enjoy other people's company, and have a laugh and joke, which I was beginning to think I had forgotten the way to do.

Trusting that this letter may be of some interest to you,

I am, yours truly, F. L.

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/5 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full. YEAST-VITE brand tablets 7d., 1/5, 3/5, and 5/8, including Purchase Tax. Sold Everywhere.

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free Inland, 12s. 8d. per annum, Abroad, 12s. per annum. Postage: Inland, 1½d.; Abroad, 1d. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. By way of Trade, JOHN BULL shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of except at the full retail price of 2d. Nor shall it be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary, or pictorial matter whatsoever.

F. 91 | J.B.L. 167 | * 154